

MADELINE;

OR, THE

CASTLE

OF

MONTGOMERY,

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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By Mrs Isabella (Kelly) Hedgeland

MADELINE,
OR THE
CASTLE OF MONTGOMERY.

CHAP. I.

IN one of the most fertile and cultivated countries in the north of England, on the banks of a beautiful winding river, stood the ancient castle of Montgomery. In the front was a spacious lawn, sheltered on one side by thick embowering woods, on the other a large track of ground, which nature had adorned with the finest verdure, and the hand

of industry enriched—giving it a pleasing variety,—a high hill, covered with purple heath, and aromatic herbs which scented the air, and yielded food to the numerous wild deer that graced the distant prospect, bounded the fence: From this hill the river had its source, gushing from it, over lofty rugged rocks, formed a grand and natural cascade, and winding in various meanders through the valley, as it glided at the foot of the lawn became smooth and musical,—this hill joined itself by a gentle descent to a ridge of mountains, which entirely sheltered the back part of the building, gardens and pleasure grounds,—from the bleak northern blasts.

The Castle was a gothic piece of architecture,—erected in those days, when the individual was obliged to preserve himself, and guard his family and property by force of arms, from the lawless ravager and unprincipled ruffian. In the reign of Edward the Confessor it was granted to the ancestors of
Major

Major Archibald Montgomery then barons of that name,—but being destroyed in the succeeding reigns by the internal wars which divided the realm, it was rebuilt by Henry the First, restored to the original owners, together with its valuable and extensive domains, in reward for military services, which well deserved the gift from the munificent monarch. The failure of male issue had sunk the title, but the pride of ancestry had still preserved the name.—For generations it had stood the united attacks of war and time; nor had the ravages of seven hundred years rendered it uninhabitable at the period Major Montgomery was reluctantly drawn from its beloved shades, again to tread those paths he hoped he had retired from for ever.

The predecessors of Major Montgomery were not infallible; extravagance is the error of the great, the fashionable and the gay, and the revenue, arising from the estates, from a clear ten thousand per annum, was reduced to one thousand, when it devolved to

the father of Major Montgomery, nor could he boast of œconomy : A courtier, bred in the school of fashion, he deemed it beneath him, and probably his son had not possessed a single acre, but that his mother's jointure secured five hundred a year, during her life on the estate ; his father frequently observed, with a satirical peevishness, that his ancestors had bequeathed him a heap of ruins, and a few corn fields to expose the spreading fragments.

Archibald Montgomery and his sister Ellen were the only children of a fashionable marriage ; Ellen was early initiated in the gay world, young, beautiful, and a votary of pleasure,—she knew no wish beyond admiration,—no joy superior to conquest,—and at the age of eighteen, wedded Mr. Fortesque, (who had at least numbered fifty winters) bartering youth and loveliness, for age and eighty thousand pounds. Thus having disposed of the daughter, Mr. Montgomery devoted his whole time to form the manners of his son, according to his own ideas of perfection,

fection, and by early instilling his own favorite maxims, hoped to save much trouble at a future period; he wished him a man of the world,—and after giving him a liberal education at Oxford, recalled him to make his political entree in life. In his son's favor he had declined a seat in parliament, and hoped, by giving his talents what he deemed a proper bias, to behold him arrive at the first dignities: He had a right to be sanguine, for few were blessed with such a son; to the finest figure and most animated countenance, he united a brilliant understanding, a generous heart, and a soul replete with all the virtues of humanity; justice guided every thought and action, and tempered, not weakened, it with the mildest mercy; his glowing imagination pictured mankind as he wished them, not as he, alas, found them,—he sighed to be in action, but his mind recoiled from the dull plodding schemes of the politician, for he learned from his father, that he must submit every wish to the plans of state,—must relinquish the darling birth-right

right of a Briton—freedom, and aid the designs of a minister, though in direct opposition to his own ideas of propriety. But these court practices he disdained, and the fawning subtle courtier he held in contempt.—“No !” cried the noble spirited youth, “this arm, till nerveless, shall serve the best of sovereigns, but my heart shall still retain its honest freedom, still hold the right of nature to speak its sentiments, nor dread another’s frown,—nothing shall tempt nor intimidate me to forsake my own notions of rectitude; had I indeed the independence of my forefathers, I might take another part, and rescue the sons and daughters of poverty and oppression, from the persecuting hand of unfeeling power: But as I am, there is that within me, which heaven made free, and nothing earthly shall controul.”

Such were the determinations of Archibald Montgomery, when his father opened the door of the study where he was seated, and advancing, with a look of satisfied importance, informed

informed him, the borough of Upwell waited his acceptance, and that he was impatient to present him to the minister. Seeing him about to speak, he bade him suspend his acknowledgements until he heard the further claims he had on his gratitude,---“from the character,” continued he, “that I have given my dearest friend, Sir John Howard, of you, and the distinguished figure your friends expect to see you make, by your abilities in the political line, in which my care has so early placed you—he is induced, I say, to lay his commands on his only daughter and heiress, to receive your addresses; it would be unnecessary,—indeed, sir, an insult to your understanding, to point out the various advantages of this alliance; besides Sir John’s great interest, and influence in parliament, Miss Howard, first and last, will have one hundred and fifty thousand pounds,—you will receive seventy with her hand,” and added he, smiling, “as you have always held the ruins of Montgomery Castle in veneration, you may rebuild it, and redeem the ancient mort-

gages. You will be sensible, sir, very few young men enter life with the advantages and eclat you will."

Archibald Montgomery had ever respected and loved his father as a parent,—but never revered him as a man, his principles he never approved,—and in this instance he only beheld him as a tyrant, who, to promote his own ambitious views, neglected the voice of nature, and built his plans on the ruins of an only son's happiness, without thinking it even necessary to consult his inclination or understanding. But well knowing the irritability of his passions, he wished not to provoke them by an immediate disclosure of his determined resolution to decline both the alliance of Sir John Howard and the seat in parliament: So rising, at the close of his father's harangue, with a respectful bow, he informed him that he was fully sensible of his paternal care, and that he would take a very early opportunity to offer a few hints on the occasion, which he made

no doubt so anxious a parent would attend to, and without giving him time to resume his conversation, left the study,—and the house a few minutes after.

As he walked pensively down the Green Park, he received a smart slap on the back, and turning quickly round to see who disturbed the train of his ideas, recognized Sir Joseph Cleveland, an Oxford friend, with whom he had lived in intimacy at college. After a short promenade they adjourned to St. James's coffee-house, where they dined; over their claret they mutually exchanged confidence; Sir Joseph thought his friend rather romantic, and smiling, told him he was a perfect philosopher, to refuse such dazzling offers,—adding, “had not Dame Fortune, Montgomery, thrown the weight of ten thousand a year on my shoulders, I much doubt if my resolution could have withstood such temptations: but prithee, what doth mean to do? command me my dear fellow, a-propos,—you mentioned a wish to enter

the army, I am about to dispose of a cornetcy, which my friends, to accomplish me a la militaire, purchased---do me the favor to accept it. Little more can be said on the subject, the tear of gratitude glistened in the eye of Montgomery, he grasped the hand of his friend, but could not speak---bowed---and retired; next morning he wrote a very respectful letter to his father, yet with a resolute refusal of his proposals,---submitted his reasons to the contemplation of his unprejudiced moments,---informed him he had accepted a cornetcy from the liberal hand of his friend, Sir Joseph Cleveland, and concluded with intreating leave personally to assure him that, in every other instance, he should feel a lively satisfaction to evince his duty and regard,---the reply was laconic; "that henceforward he should consider him as an alien to his blood, and a stranger to his heart; indeed, forget he existed, and desired that he might *never* awaken the painful remembrance by a presence that would ever be obnoxious to his memory and sight."

Our young cornet received this answer, with the mingled sensations of pride, sorrow and indignation, he had always been a dutiful son; and nothing but a consciousness, that he acted with rectitude of principle could have supported him under the painful reflection of being banished from a parent's presence. He immediately joined his regiment, and on its being ordered to Yorkshire again wrote, and entreated his father's benediction: his letter was returned unopened, in a blank cover, addressed by his valet,-- he had little hope of having it honored with a better reception,---but he owed the attempt to his own notion of duty,---and Right, in the idea of Archibald Montgomery, was ever a rule for his conduct,---nor did he regret the effort, though productive of humiliation.

In the gay society of his brother officers, and the friendship of Sir Joseph Cleveland, his natural cheerfulness soon triumphed over his chagrin, and there were moments when

he even forgot his father was offended. In the vicinity of York a ball was given, in honor of a young nobleman's coming of age, who was then on his travels, the military are seldom neglected on these occasions, and as the officers of that regiment had behaved with singular propriety, during their abode in York, they were without exception invited.

I have already observed, Mr. Montgomery had an elegant figure, and it appeared to much advantage in a splendid uniform, added to that, he possessed a vivacity, which without the embellishments of fiction, or double entendré rendered him so pleasing a companion, that the old listened with approbation, and the young with pleasure. During the festivity of that evening the females honored him with particular marks of distinction, and as he led a little lovely thing to her seat, his eyes were attracted by one of the sweetest figures he had ever seen, the ladies were mostly so brilliant in their dress,
that

that until then she had escaped his notice, being simply attired in white crape, with no other ornament than a black velvet cestus clasped with pearls; her hair without powder; had a band of the same colour, which fastened a moderate plume of white feathers; as he held his partner's hand the lady rose and paid her the compliments of the evening; she spoke with a softness peculiar to melancholy,—and as he seated himself between them for the remainder of the night, he sometimes observed a tear start in her eye, a pensive smile animated her lovely features, and a delicate languour was diffused over her countenance, which rather indicated a suffering mind, than an afflicted frame, for the rose of health bloomed with freshness upon her cheek. The heart of Montgomery was susceptible,---he felt she was unhappy, he *loved* her in her sorrow, and thought it only *pity*; at supper, to his extreme mortification they were separated, and with an air of assumed indifference he enquired of his little chatty partner who she was, “of all strange things,” replied she, “it
is

is to me the strangest, that those sober sentimentalists (drawling out the words) can attract even the momentary notice of a gay, fashionable youth; and yet I have known them carry off the finest in the country; pray what is the charm, where is the magnet that attracts?" looking alluringly at him, Montgomery was gallant, and politely told her, that he felt her so irresistibly attractive that he had not then inclination to consider,--tapping him gently with her fan she answered, a red coat could not suffer such a fair opportunity for a compliment to escape,---but continued she, *gardéz vous bien monsieur*,--- Miss Clifford is beyond your reach, she is dying, poor little dear, because her kind papa obliges her to be Lady Rutland with fifteen thousand a year, to be sure the old Lord is gouty or so, but what then, she is so demure, so fond of retirement, of attending the sick and healing the broken hearted, that she will make an incomparable nurse, and then it will so please papa, his lordship taking her without a penny; aye, Mr. Montgomery, without one penny Lord Rutland will marry the reluctant

Instant Madeline Clifford! Miss Myres might have run on for ages, her auditor sat apparently stupid, only uttering,—is,—is there no remedy? indeed, sir, interrupted she, your errantry is useless; there is none, *no aid* continued she, with some pique observing his, chagrin, “that *you* can offer will be accepted, unless you can place LORD before your name, and a few little o’s, preceded with an £. to the revenue of Montgomery ruins,” she continued to rally him without mercy, ’till the company removed to the ball room,—his eye wandered for Miss Clifford---he saw her engaged in conversation with an old man, whom he soon discovered to be her intended Lord; as he passed, he heard her say “perfectly indifferent, sir,” and he imagined a blush rose as he looked in her face; in a few minutes she quitted the room. The vivacity of his partner no longer amused, she was displeased at his apparent absence, and rejoined the dance; he soon followed the example of his fair enslaver, and departed in a state of mind, I leave those hearts which have felt
the

the influence of mild blue eyes to imagine. He retired to bed, but not to rest, the idea of Miss Clifford, sacrificed to age and infirmity, still obtruded and deprived him of that sweet oblivion he so much needed.

Next day he arose unrefreshed, and was rallied by his companions for his thoughtfulness, he bore their pleasantry with an impatience which astonished them, for he was the best matured of human beings. He requested leave of absence for a few days, it was granted, and without any design, without even being able to define his own intentions, he turned his horse's head towards the romantic town of Richmond. I have heard of lovers, who to evince the warmth of their passions, have stood shivering in a stormy evening under the casements of their beloved, deriving a melancholy pleasure from knowing their mistresses were within; whether Mr. Montgomery meant himself such an indulgence, the sequel must disclose as Lord Clifford's summer residence was only two short miles from
the

the beautiful little town above mentioned.--- After a ride of twenty four miles in a clear September morning, he arrived at the Crown Inn, which was situated at the entrance of Richmond; he ordered breakfast, and while it was preparing, demanded of his hostess to whom the noble mansion belonged which stood in the delightful valley, she answered with a sigh, "ah, sir, in that house I spent my happiest days, with the best lady that ever lived, she is now reaping the reward of her goodness: ah!" added she, weeping, "had she lived my own child, her darling Madeline, nourished at this breast, would not be as she is---but" composing herself, why trouble a stranger! the house, sir, belongs to Lord Clifford."

"Proceed my good woman," replied he, hastily, and with evident emotion, "I could listen for ages, say, can nothing be done to prevent the fatal nuptials of Madeline Clifford with the detested Lord Rutland?"

When Mrs. Browne (the name of his hostess) discovered her guest was interested
in

in the business, she was very communicative, and gave him ample confirmation of what Miss Myres had told him, with the addition that Lord Clifford was a despotic tyrant to his family, only consulted his own ambition in the disposal of it, and that his harsh manners had brought his Lady to an early grave: He also was informed that the daughter of his hostess was maid to Miss Clifford, and that she was actually premeditating flight; as every consideration sunk before the dread of a forced marriage, with a man who was so much the object of her detestation.

During the day, Mr. Montgomery was lost in thoughtful silence, unless when he directed any question to Mrs. Browne:---toward evening he resolved to stroleround the plantation of Clifford Park, and indulge his melancholy, and had wandered near an hour, when a natural vista opening on the wood, discovered a pile of romantic ruins, on which the setting sun shone with mild lustre; as it was at no great distance, he hastened to review it, and was
struck

struck with religious awe, on beholding the fallen grandeur of a magnificent abbey : advancing a few paces he found himself in the porch of a chapel, the walls on one side were entire, and part of a superb altar raised, of the most beautiful marble, still preserved for the admiring eye the labour of hands long mouldered in the dust ; on the floor were huge pieces of monumental marble overgrown, with briars and thistles ; here lay an emblematic figure of innocence, in equal dishonor and neglect with the dust it covered, dust which one day perhaps had been animated with all the virtues of humanity ; there had the hand of time, with triumphant pride over the attempts of mortality, to save the good from oblivion, propped on a rude stone a fragment of moss-grown alabaster, on which the damp of dreary centuries had nearly effaced,---even the engraving of " here lies the great," alas ! what is human vanity ! the eye could trace no farther, deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene ; the youth who but the evening before had shone in all the glitter of dress, and vivacity of spirit dropped a knee on the
moulder-

mouldering stone, and exclaimed " here the wicked cease from troubling, here the weary are at rest," a few more fleeting years and even thou, oh ! Montgomery, young as thou art will be cold and senseless as these ; it was the hour of reflection---his father recurred to remembrance ; alas ! alas ! he continued, no kind friend mayst thou have, to make even this attempt to save thy name from undistinguished dust, but in some far foreign land ; covered with wounds and blood, some stranger's hand may throw thee in an unhallowed grave, yet may the exulting spirit, supported by infinite goodness, and a life of integrity wing its flight to the abodes of bliss," he arose, folded his hands and added---" and thou, oh Madeline ! virtuous persecuted angel ! whom perhaps a parent's rigour may precipitate to an untimely grave ; thy meekness shall receive its due reward above, yet while on earth, could but Montgomery save thee---his arms should shield thee from tyranny, watch thy innocence, and guard thy sweetness from every inclement blast of stormy life ;" he was proceeding in his soliloquy when
he

he imagined he heard a hollow sigh; a stranger to fear, he approached that side of the altar, from whence the sound issued, he beheld nought save broken pieces of lettered stone, placed as steps over the sinking rafts of a cavity, which appeared like a repository for bones, by several heaps which he discovered he past them, and on reaching a range of mouldering cloysters evidently beheld a figure in white glide nimbly along, he had nearly lost it when a rugged stone caught the robe, and stopped the flight of the fair apparition; it sunk, clasping a decayed pillar; Montgomery approached, the last rays of the setting sun beamed on the countenance, and discovered the gentle trembling Madeline Clifford.

Before we proceed it is necessary to account for the appearance of Miss Clifford in this sequestered spot, long since the dwelling of the dead. The reader is already acquainted with her situation, but a few days had to elapse 'ere she became the wedded victim,

the wife of a proud unfeeling Lord; naturally of a meek temper, she knew her spirits were unable to contend, remonstrance was vain with the determined fury of her father. She therefore resolved, attended by her maid, to quit the paternal abode, and seek from strangers that pity denied by her parent, until she could claim the protection of a beloved brother. She had conveyed her linen and jewels to the Crown, and on this evening she intended putting her design in execution; but before she took an eternal leave of her native shades, she wished to shed one tear more on the tomb of a mother, and over her sacred dust vow to imitate those virtues, which had so eminently adorned her character, virtues which she vainly endeavoured to trace in the manners of her father,---in her way to the family vault she wished to give a parting sigh to her favorite ruins, and to take a last look had seated herself behind the altar, when she saw Montgomery enter: His character was well known to her, and she esteemed it, when she viewed him the preceding evening, with a degree

degree of admiration; and circumstanced as she was, it is little to be wondered if she wished for so amiable a protector. Her noble brother was far from the voice of her complaint; her sister, Lady Delahay was her father's child, and leagued against her peace. She knew no friend to shelter or direct her, had no confidant but her nurse and maid to guide her, their affection she valued, but their judgment she feared to trust, she had formed no plan except escape from horror inexpressible. In that forlorn and dejected condition, in her way to Lady Clifford's tomb, where an ancient domestic, who kept the keys, and her maid awaited her, she was surprised by the appearance of Mr. Montgomery: when she heard him name her with such impassioned tenderness she was pleased, yet knew not why---riveted to her seat on the old altar, she had beheld his demeanor from the moment he entered the ruins, her sensations were indescribable—she could have gazed and listened for ever—yet wished to fly, in the attempt she heard herself pursued,
her

her heart beat quick, surrounding objects faded from her sight—she trembled—and feeling her train stopped, grasped the old pillar and sunk to the earth, that moment our young soldier reached her,—folding her hands with a look the savage Indian must have pitied, she wildly cried, “I am lost,” his arms supported her fainting form, while with that ingenuous ardour deceit could never wear, and the most delicate tenderness, he informed her that her sufferings were not unknown; “permit” added he with energy, “one who venerates the virtues of Miss Clifford to place her in safety—fear not Madam—such purity is sacred even from an unhallowed thought, oh! let not then a punctillio, to which your mind must be superior, induce you to refuse, in this hour of need, the protection of an admiring friend, who trembles for such unsuspecting loveliness being exposed to the designs of the bad and insolent, your delicacy shall be sacred---I will never approach you without permission,” he also informed her how he became acquainted with her affairs so
perfectly

face as parting from him she softly exclaimed, "what do I not owe you!"——

Montgomery returned to the inn with all those pleasurable sensations which accompany a generous intention; and let not the severely virtuous altogether condemn the compliance of Miss Clifford; where is the female of sensibility who dares declare she would not in her suffering state have accepted the same protection? She beheld herself on the verge of misery and had no alternative. A messenger was dispatched to Mr. Alworthy at the rectory with necessary instructions,—Montgomery and his lovely charge escaped without any adventure, and that day three months the fair fugitive became the bride of her gallant protector. ---Lord Clifford refused his forgiveness, yet imprecated no malediction, he considered that she had entailed on herself, ample punishment in the life of poverty that awaited her, and comforted himself with the reflection, that he and his family would soon forget her very name.

Mrs.

Mrs. Montgomery wrote repeated letters to her brother, but receiving no answer, imagined that he also disapproved her conduct. There are many of my readers who will begin to suppose, from my prolixity, that Miss Clifford is the heroine of these memoirs, if so I entreat their pardon for leading them into the error, but I deemed it necessary to the introduction of *some* characters which will make a conspicuous figure in this history, but that I may not trespass too much on their patience, will only add, before we conduct them to Montgomery Castle, that the amiable pair, through all the painful vicissitudes of a soldier's life for twenty years, never knew the repentance of a single moment,—their parents died before this history commences, during their abode in the West Indies;—the father of Montgomery severely regretted his rigor, and prayed that his son might return in time to close his eyes, but heaven, too much offended, deigned not to hear. Behold now, gentle reader, Major and Mrs. Montgomery retir-

ing from the busy scenes of a military life, to enjoy in the bosom of domestic peace, that happiness they so amply merited.

CHAP. II.

MAJOR Montgomery had a numerous family, but three only survived; his son fell at the age of nineteen fighting by his side, it was almost too severe a shock for the delicate frame of Mrs. Montgomery, but the unabated tenderness of her husband, and the dawning graces of two charming girls rising into life, and who required her forming hand, induced her to struggle with her sorrow, until

til reason resumed her empire, and she considered her son was above her tenderness, mourning could not recall him, but by impairing her health do injustice and injury to those who had an equal claim upon her heart.

When they arrived in England the Major beheld with unaffected delight, that his wife had regained a degree of composure, and even cheerfulness, which he had never dared to hope; and that her grief might not be revived by a renewal of military scenes, he quitted the army, and determined to pass the evening of life, in the still beloved retirement of Montgomery Castle.

He was received by his sister, Mrs. Fortesque, with unfeigned pleasure, who appeared highly gratified that he had named his second daughter Ellen. She behaved to Mrs. Montgomery with the warmest affection, and clasped her little god-daughter to her bosom with rapture, "I have none of my own," said she,

“ so you must allow me to consider this lovely girl as my child,---I will not do her so much injustice as deprive her of so excellent a governess as her mother, but you must do me the pleasure to let me be her guardian.--- What beautiful children ! but my dear sister, Ellen far surpasses the dove eyed Madeline !” she then took a valuable watch from her side, and delighted the child by hanging it on her fash, saying “ I have another for you at home, Madeline.” She informed her brother, that her father had deeply mortgaged the lands of Montgomery, and that a few hundred pounds lay in the hands of the Steward since his death. He immediately set out for the north, and was welcomed by the worthy Rector, with all his former friendship ; he had buried his wife and had no children. The Castle now indeed, appeared a heap of ruins, the eastern wing, containing a range of superb apartments, was totally deserted ; the furniture decaying, the paper and stucco torn and broken, and the windows shattered, the west wing was in a worse condition still ; the grand hall, once the
the

the scene of innocent mirth and British hospitality, was become the habitation of owls, bats and other birds of prey; the venerable chapel, from whence the hymn of devotion once ascended an accepted offering to heaven, was converted into a barn; the grand altar, where the tear of piety had often fallen—the sigh of penitence been often breathed, was hanging with cobwebs and covered with damp and slime; the shrine destroyed, the pulpit torn, and the fragments scattered around, in short every thing wore the appearance of desolation; the extensive gardens were over-run with baleful weeds, the pleasure grounds equally wore the marks of neglect, and nothing but a young plantation which defied it, appeared to flourish; however, the steward was dismissed, and the arrears appropriated to the repairs of the Castle, which was fitted up with elegant neatness in the modern taste within, though the outside still preserved its antique grandeur; the chapel was restored to its sacred use; the gardens and pleasure grounds by the spring, “bloomed another

Eden," and a perfect wilderness of sweets: by the time that the mansion was ready for the reception of the family, and all expences paid, the Major found, in landed property, and from the sale of his commission, that he possessed six hundred a year; if my daughters, thought he, are what I wish them, it will be enough, if not, it is too much.

We will now return to Pall Mall, where we shall find Mrs. Montgomery, her bosom still glowed with the affection of a sister, she wished to hear of her brother, and even of that sister, who had persecuted her in youth. She therefore quickly informed herself, that the residence of Lord Delahay was in Grosvenor-Square, and that the family was in town.—“ My life is uncertain,” said the tender mother, “ Lady Delahay may be a friend to my children, when the grave hath sheltered me.” Mrs. Montgomery had long forgot the luxury of a coach, a hack she knew inadmissible at a great man’s gate; so in a clear frosty day, with a daughter in each hand, attended

tended by the faithful Jarvis, who had served her husband through many a weary campaign, she set out on foot for Grosvenor-Square; Earl Delahay, in large gold letters soon pointed out the house; as she approached the door her spirits failed, and she was about to return, when the rap told her it was too late; is Lady Delahay at home? enquired Jarvis.

“I shall call one of her ladyship’s footmen,” said a domestic. He came, the question was repeated, “my Lady is invisible till past two.” “You will inform your Lady,” replied Jarvis, rather sternly, “that the honorable Mrs. Montgomery, her sister, is here;” the half closed door flew wide, and she was ushered into a superb parlour; whether it was owing to the servant’s neglect the sequel may discover, but Mrs. Montgomery, at half past two, was only desired to walk up stairs; when the groom of the chambers opened the dressing room door she trembled so violently that it was with difficulty she tottered across the floor; twenty-one years and an immoderate quantity

of rouge could not conceal the sifter from Mrs. Montgomery, had her arms been open she would have flown into them, but as her Ladyship and three daughters stood by the fire to receive her, they hung negligently by her side, she raised her hand, timidly pressed it to her lips, and sobbed "my dearest sifter," "dear Madeline," answered the Countess, a little moved, then resuming her dignity, "Trevors—a fauteuil," she was seated, Madeline stood meekly by her side wondering at what she beheld, while Ellen whispered loud enough to be heard, "Mamma, may I sit down at your feet? I am so tired!" Lady Bab, ordered chairs for the children, the bell was rung, a servant entered, and the Miss Montgomerys seated. After a pause, the silence was broke by Mrs. Montgomery, hoping the Earl and Lord Darville (whom she had left an infant) were well, "you do me honor, perfectly well, I *suppose*," said the Countess after another pause, "indeed I hope it, for the task is unpleasant; that you have heard that the late Lord Clifford bore his resentment of your dishonorable

ble

ble conduct to the grave.”—“Dearest sister, is not *dishonorable* too severe an epithet for,” the Countess bowed and proceeded, “though his Lordship once intended to leave us joint heiresses of his personal fortune, he altered his will on your elopement, and left you, left me” interrupted Mrs. Montgomery, with some eagerness, “yes, Madam, left you *one shilling*, to, as he expressed it,”—“spare! spare me, Lady Delahay,” cried Mrs. Montgomery, the inference is agonizing, it requires no comment; “does my brother also hold me in abhorrence? oh! if he does, in pity, tell it in milder words;” “he is under the same restrictions as myself,” answered her Ladyship, “and it is on forfeiture of all his father’s acquired fortune, which was immense, that he ever speaks, writes, or has any connection with you or your family. Be ever happy then, and enjoy thy just deserts my much loved brother! never shall thy sister pain thy generous heart with entreaty; never shall the once loved Madeline disturb thy quiet with complaint.

The scene grew tiresome to Lady Delahay, though she took a malignant pleasure in tormenting a sister, still beautiful enough in natural charms to eclipse her art; she therefore interrupted her apostrophe with, "I regret your questions have obliged me to give you pain, and indeed Mrs---Mad--Madam you will pardon me, I could have spared the visit from one in your condition, "I will not offend again," answered she mildly, "I own, I am not rich, I allude not to poverty, to what then? why you have never been able, indeed I hardly know how to speak it, you have never prevailed on Mont—Montgomery I think is his name, to wed you, you are not married."—"Not married! Lady Delahay, not married! Gracious God! exclaimed the indignant Mrs. Montgomery with, all the pride of conscious virtue, "I disdain the reproach! to you, Madam, a vindication of my honor would be an insult to innocence, and to the principles of the first of human kind, my husband; your Ladyship's memory fails,
else

else you must remember that the divine, who united me to my Archibald, addressed Lord Clifford and yourself in my favor a few days after my nuptials; but can my brother believe me living in infamy, he shall be undeceived; my darling children," added she, clasping them in her arms, "your purity shall never be sullied by such a base aspersion."

It was very far from the wish of Lady Delahay, that her sister should investigate the report, or evince its falacy to the world, as in fact the marriage was never doubted even in her own mind; but she weakly supposed, to impress her sister with the idea that Lord Clifford believed she had lived in dishonor, would effectually prevent a correspondence, and consequently a revival of affection, which she saw, still existed in the bosom of Mrs. Montgomery and which lay dormant in the breast of her brother, and that it only required the soft accent, or persuasive pen of a darling sister to awaken: Finding therefore that she had overacted her part, and turned her
own

own weapons against herself, she arose with a smile, and taking the hand of her sister, said "she was sorry to see her so agitated, assured her such a report had never reached her brother, and that her own mistake originated in a foolish rumour, before she was really married." — Conscious of her own unerring virtue, this poor excuse perfectly satisfied the unsuspecting Mrs. Montgomery, "I feel for your condition," continued her Ladyship, "I wish Lord Clifford and I could act kinder, but I have a large family; he is married and has a son."

Mrs. Montgomery's attention was then engaged—her brother to have a wife, a child, and she a stranger to them! her eyes glistened, "oh! tell me of them," cried she, "for I can never see them." Lady Delahay then informed her, that he had espoused Viola, daughter and heiress of the powerful Count Valini, that they had returned to Italy, the air of Britain not agreeing with her delicate constitution; that he loved her to adoration, and placed his whole happiness in her and his
only

only son; added, his Lordship seldom came to England, and when he did, his stay was very short; Lady Delahay then condescended to ask for the Major, and what family she had beside these two girls, "they are rather pretty Mrs. Montgomery," said she, "but nothing like what I *remember you*; Lady Matilda," looking at her eldest daughter, "how abominably you have rouged to day? I protest," looking at her watch, "'tis four o'clock! what can detain the Duchefs?" Mrs. Montgomery took the hint, saying, while a tear started in her eye, "she would intrude no longer than to entreat one favor, and then take a reluctant farewell; her Ladyship coloured, and with a forced smile, replied, she would certainly feel pleasure in assisting her, in granting the favor, begged she would consider the duty, the obedience she owed to the commands of a worthy parent, from which death could not release her: "my feelings," continued the Lady, "as a daughter, are tenderly alive;" it is on your feelings, as a daughter, replied her sister, that I repose my hope of
your

your compliance. The portraits of our parents were allotted you, may I be indulged with a copy of my fainted mother? Oh! cried her Ladyship, laughing, "when Clifford left the Park, the kind soul presented me with the lumber of the gallery, you are welcome to them, tout ensemble, positively they will do very well to hide the walls of Montgomery Castle, *if* they still stand. Mrs. Montgomery returned, that it was repairing for their reception, that she would treasure the pictures, first, as being the resemblances of illustrious ancestors, and next, the present of an only sister. The Ladies then rose, the bell was rang, "order Mrs. Montgomery's carriage;" the blush of a moment passed her cheek as she said she had walked; pride added, the day was so very fine; she blushed again for the equivocal addition, when truth interposed, and finished the sentence with, this is one of the days in my life, that I did not regret the want of a carriage; with all the etiquette of fashion on one side, and nature struggling with love, pity and resentment on the other, the sisters with
a formal

a formal salute parted for the LAST TIME. The spirits of Mrs. Montgomery had been much agitated, and soothing was it on her return, to find herself in the encircling arms of her husband, who had returned to conduct her and his blooming girls to the Castle.

He listened with anguish and impatience to his wife's recital, and when she had finished, clasping her to his bosom, he whispered in the softest voice, "never more shall you, my beloved Madeline, submit to the insults of a proud unfeeling sister, your happy Archibald shall shield you, watch you, love and value you for ever! all gratitude to that Being, who after a life of sufferings and difficulties, enables us with these rising blessings, looking at the children with delight, to wear out the evening of our days in an elegant retirement; and though affluence may be absent, competence will sweeten our domestic bliss, and our life be one continued scene of pleasure, one moment of which, all the wealth and splendor of Lady Delahay can never purchase."

Mrs.

Mrs. Fortesque soon joined the happy party and partook a late dinner, regretted her husband's indisposition prevented her accompanying them to the north, as he was ordered to try the waters of Bath. She loaded the girls with finery, and presented her sister with a very superb set of table china, which her husband, amongst other elegancies had brought from the east, and after promising to visit the Castle during the ensuing summer, they parted in the most affectionate manner.

CHAP. III.

HONEST Jarvis was dispatched to announce the coming of the family, and on the day of their arrival, Mr. Alworthy provided a plentiful repast at the Rectory. The news spreading, the tenantry determined to sally forth, and escort their lord to his Castle; twelve young damsels, an equal number of young men, some with pikes and others with crooks, were preceded by a band of musick, and to give dignity to their procession, two of the most ancient tenants had prevailed on old Giles, the bailiff, to lend the colours of the Castle for the day; the tints indeed
were

were not very bright, but the tatters had been so nicely sewed, that the arms of England were evident on one, and those of the Montgomery family on the other; Mr. Alworthy and Jarvis set out on horseback, attended by the procession, for the good Rector was willing to encourage their honest and affectionate adherence, to a name and family he so highly himself respected.

They had proceeded little more than a mile, when the coach appeared crossing a stone bridge which separated the lands of Montgomery from a large market town; it was with the most heart felt satisfaction, that Mrs. Montgomery beheld the white turrets of the Castle; the Major shared her pleasure, as he pointed out the beauties of the changing scenery, that the various turnings of the road presented: leaving the great road, the coach ascended a hill which afforded a perfect view of the Castle and surrounding landscape, the heart of the young Madeline bounded with delight as she cried, "dear mamma! how sweet

ſweet to wander in theſe woods, to fiſh in that charming river! “And how I ſhall love,” interrupted Ellen, “to run about that great Caſtle for I am ſo tired of being confined in London.” Oh! cried both, in the ſame moment, how happy we ſhall be papa!” he was about to answer their innocent prattle, when with their heads out of the window, they exclaimed, what a number of people! the Major looked out, and taking the hand of Alworthy, who that moment had reached them, he could not reply, nor even hear out the friendly inquiry of Mrs. Montgomery, for the muſic had ſtruck up, and the hearty huzzas, and welcome to the Caſtle, iſſuing from many mouths, drowned every other ſound; they ſoon, with infinite pleaſure, underſtood the cauſe, and with a complacency that endeared them ſtill more, left the coach, and walked with the more aged and infirm to the Caſtle.

Madeline was in raptures with all ſhe ſaw, and Ellen was as well acquainted with the young girls, as if ſhe had known them from her cradle, and was equilly buſy ſtrewing the
flowers

flowers, unless when she found a very pretty one, which she would place within her sash.

The Major ordered them an excellent dinner, and plenty of good ale, when thanking them for their attachment, and shaking each cordially by the hand, he assured them it should be his pleasure to contribute to their comfort; with his wife and children, he attended his friend to the Rectory, leaving Jarvis to take care of his tenants.

Before Major Montgomery quitted London, he read in a morning paper, "to be sold, a crane neck coach, very reasonably;" there will be no living in the country, my love, without a carriage, looking at his wife as if he wished her to say—no, and laying down the paper, "here is one advertised to be sold cheap, we may as well purchase it; I bought some good stout horses in Yorkshire for the farm; they may do occasionally, added he smiling, for the coach. She laughed and replied, it would certainly be agreeable; and

in

in this same coach, new painted, with no other ornament than a silver *M*, the family arrived at the Castle. Next morning, while the Major was engaged with his tenants, the lady arranged her household,—a cook, dairy maid, laundress, and one house maid, with old Martha at their head as housekeeper, completed the female establishment; the men servants, though less her province, she ventured also to select from among the tenants; one footman, a coachman and errand boy, and Jarvis was appointed butler, steward, valet; in short he was the *fac totum* of the family, and always treated as an humble friend.

The eastern wing of the Castle, she found furnished with elegant neatness, and as it contained the most commodious apartments, and commanded the most beautiful prospects, she determined to make it her more immediate dwelling; the rooms belonging to the western tower, were large and more gloomy, yet she suffered them not to be neglected, "*the lumber of Clifford Park gallery*," the portraits of the Montgomery family, in the habits of
the

the ages in which they lived, and a collection of modern prints which had been presented her by Mrs. Fortesque formed an exhibition that even an amateur of painting would not have disdained to admire.

Her household, established in contentment and regularity, she turned her thoughts to the education and improvement of her daughters. Madeline at this period was ten years old, blessed with a fine understanding and the sweetest disposition, the meekness of her nature diffused itself over her form, while her soft blue eyes animated a beautiful set of features, and nothing could equal the delicacy of her skin, but the rose that bloomed upon her dimpled cheek; she promised not to be tall, but was formed with the nicest symmetry; she is my heroine, yet I draw her not faultless, she possessed a degree of pride which was astonishing, her mildness considered; she was tolerably well versed in English and French, and had made some progress in Italian, drew with taste and judgement for her years, and had the
sweetest

sweetest voice and finger imaginable. Reading was her favorite amusement, and greatly tended to the enriching a mind, which, though never giddy, was adorned with an innocent cheerfulness extremely pleasing; her heart melted at the voice of sorrow; and permission to relieve it was her highest gratification.

Ellen was two years younger, and possessed a brilliancy of beauty, which, when compared, threw Madeline's in the shade; her black eyes rivalled the diamond's lustre, her complexion was fine as imagination ever pictured, her wit sparkling, and her vivacity enlivened a form which promised to be uncommonly elegant, her capacity, temper and every passion were quick, and having all the advantages of her sister they grew, and improved together; and when Madeline was seventeen, she was the mild, penetrating accomplished woman, Ellen the finished prepossessing beauty. The method their mother adopted for their education was widely different from the modern system; fashionable boarding

schools she disapproved, and as she could not give them the advantages she had received herself, under the care of the accomplished and amiable Mrs. T--m--n, resolved, with the assistance of the best masters, to educate them under her own eye, and as nearly as possible on the same principles with her own excellent governess. By these means the studies, which other children dread as disagreeable dull tasks, were by the Miss Montgomerys pursued with cheerfulness, and welcomed as a pleasing relief to others; their reading was directed to the most improving and entertaining parts of modern and ancient history, their writing not confined to the mechanical copies of "learning is useful, improve while young," &c. &c. but their own ideas were suffered to expand, and by making their own artless remarks, gave an ease and freedom to their style, which no other mode could teach, geography, considered by too many young ladies a very dry study, was to them rendered pleasing, a piece of ground and water were appropriated to practical improvements,

ments, which no theory could display so clearly; Madeline was naturally fond of drawing, and Ellen had much taste in her designs, but so extremely volatile, that nothing but hearing her sister praised for ornamenting her mother's dressing room with landscapes, from the different perspectives around the Castle, could have attached her to the pencil for more than a moment: Music was the delight of both, and their slender figures were charmingly adapted to shine in the dance; French and Italian were spoken in common with English, and thus the lovely sisters received all the refinements of education, without imbibing those fatal errors acquired at modern boarding schools, which too often throw a shade over the fairest characters, and unamiably influence the conduct through life.

They were early taught to value honor, however humble the possessor, to despise the refinement that fled from the voice of misery, and to bestow the tear of compassion on the erring and unfortunate, to conceal their weak-

ness, soften their anguish, and if possible to turn their wandering steps to the paths of peace and virtue.—“ That merit is at a low ebb, my dear children,” Mrs. Montgomery would say, “ that borrows lustre from the contrast of another’s feelings; many have been betrayed, and fallen from honor, though not from virtue, and who if they had found a compassionating heart, or generous hand to raise their humbled heads, after the first fatal slip, might have lived monuments of mercy, blessed their preservers, and have guarded the weak and unwary by their own experience, instead of which after being deserted by their base betrayers, spurned by remorseless parents and driven from society like lepers; with the weight of paternal malediction on their hearts, and destitute of daily bread, whither can the forlorn beings fly for refuge to expiate their guilt and hide their shame? no virtuous roof will shelter them, no friend receive them; to drown reflection they plunge in dissipation, sink in deeper guilt and devoted destruction, close the scene of life in horrors we cannot
imagine.

imagine. Ah my children! give the sigh of pity to their fate, and while ye pray a merciful God to preserve your own innocence through an ensnaring world, learn to discriminate seduced virtue from artful vice, protect the one, ever shun the other." By such conversations in their maturer years, and in all the different duties of life, giving their minds the fairest example, in her own conduct, she hoped to make them amiable, humane and happy.

After having been a few weeks at the Castle, one serene evening going to walk with her daughters, in passing a remote tower in an interior part of the building, they observed old Giles the bailiff walk with great quickness past a particular entrance, which so engaged the curiosity of his lady, that she enquired the reason; nothing your ladyship, replied he, but the visible tremor with which he spoke, plainly demonstrated there was *something*. When she reached the spot he had skipped by so nimbly, her

attention was attracted by a large iron door, with great heavy bars across it; "to what part of the Castle opens this Giles?" inquired she, saving your ladyship's presence replied he with terror, to the haunted square; what simplicity! smiling, open the door,—oh dear! dear! cried he, good, your ladyship, let Parson Alworthy enter first, for indeed some of their old honors ghosts run their rigs there, to guard the treasures they hid,—good then let him enter, he can speak, and belike lay them in the red-sea; and then it is a woundy pretty square, I remember it when I was a boy, "cease thy folly my good old man, I insist on the door being opened," and continued she smiling, "I will venture to exorcise the place, or to speak plainer, I will lay their honors myself," "my dearest mamma," cried Madeline, grasping her arm, and her face pale as death, "do, do let us quit the place, indeed Mr. Alworthy had better go in first, there *may* be truth in what Giles has mentioned, for heaven's sake retire, I am ready to die with terror." "Madeline," replied her mother with an air of gravity,

vity, do you suppose me so weak as to return without doing, what I came on purpose to do? if you feel your confidence in heaven so poor, and your weakness so excessive, yield to your folly, retire, you have permission.

Poor Madeline was now so overwhelmed with shame and confusion, that her fear was forgotten, like the duelist, who takes the field drowning one passion in the fury of another, a little recovering her complexion and courage; she begged to attend her mother; the lively Ellen wondered that her sister could be afraid; for she wished for nothing so much as to see a ghost, if it would come like the one she saw at the play,—the terrible word had nearly revived Madeline's horrors, when Giles having knocked off two bars, had nearly effected the other, but to do it with more ease, the door being loose on the hinges, pressed in his shoulder and head to force it, but starting back with violence, had nearly overturned his lady, who stood behind him; now Christ, Christ and his presence guide

us! cried the affrighted old man, I saw his old honor, I knew him, capering about, I knew him by his eyes, he comes in the shape of the devil, (Lord preserve us) to fly away with the first that enters.

Madeline hung trembling on her mother's arm, and even the courageous Ellen said, this ghost could not be so pretty as Hamlet's. The mind of Mrs. Montgomery was free from every taint of superstition, with much calmness she said she had heard his old honor's eyes were black, and if he would take the trouble to look nearer, he would find those he had seen were a very fine blue, ah! Lord be here, cried Giles, black or blue they shall never glower with sic a saucer stare on old Giles again, she then pressed through, the door fell, and the trio in their fear darted after, conceiving themselves safer within than without, unless she was with them, Giles's ghost now presented itself to view in the form of— an—overgrown white owl, the falling door had so disturbed the community that the spectre,

tre, with a numerous assembly of bats, took to immediate flight, leaving the territories for the inspection of the intruders. Giles now felt a little of Madeline's disorder,—shame,—and in some measure to atone for his cowardice, boldly advanced through this stone vaulted room to a narrow passage, which opened on a regular built square; nettles and briars covered almost an acre of ground, and grew into the casements of the little tenements; on entering they found them not in the least decayed, except the lime and windows being broken, they appeared to have been formerly apartments for inferior domestics belonging to the Castle; opposite to the gate at which they entered, another passage opened to the woods, but not being able to unclose an old heavy door they returned, and while Ellen was picking wild flowers with Giles, who did not much like conversing with Mrs. Montgomery that evening, seated herself on an old stone cistern, and appeared lost in thought, till roused from her reverie by the entrance of the Major, exclaiming, in the

name of every thing wonderful, where have you all got to? what possessed you, added he, laughing, to venture on disturbing the manes of my old ancestors, who I am told will keep forcible possession here. "I have driven one of them, replied Mrs. Montgomery, in the shape of a white owl to the banks of the red sea."

She then related the adventure, only concealing Madeline's weakness, for which the expressive eyes of the grateful girl thanked her. If we could turn this same square to any use, cried the Major, we should owe you Giles something for exorcising it; please your honor, replied he, without comprehending what had been said, do you deem it totally useless? Said Mrs. Montgomery, totally, I think not,—indeed! to what would you convert it? with little expence, as the building is in tolerable repair, continued the benevolent woman, it might be made habitable, and a comfortable asylum for the old and infirm of our tenants; and why not, interrupted the Major, the generous idea heightening the colour

colour in his cheeks, "why not for the orphan and ignorant also? this piece of ground may be made a good kitchen garden, and give an air of neatness to the square; the old men may cultivate it, the women spin and knit, and we may appoint one better learned than the rest, to instruct the children of the reduced, who shall have a school room here; the little plan may save many from ignorance and ruin." "It is charming," cried the amiable wife, "we shall soon raise a sufficient sum, Mr. Alworthy will preach a charity sermon, and be grand Almoner, you shall be treasurer; Madeline and Ellen the first subscribers, and I will be the patroness.

The plan is excellent, cried the Major, and we will commence to-morrow; the girls were delighted, and old Giles said he would beg hard for two grand-daughters being taught to read, for he was now right sure his old honor would never come back to disturb such a huge good work. Next morning the Major held open a large green purse, in which he

dropped ten guineas, Mrs. Montgomery deposited the same sum, nor was the humane Alworthy less liberal, who had been sent for to consult on the occasion. Madeline threw in her guinea, and Ellen all the silver she possessed, but exultingly declared she would write to her aunt, who, she was sure, would give her gold to subscribe, and then added the charming child, "I may put in some little girl;" that thou shalt my darling, cried her father, and until thy aunt's bounty arrives, put in this guinea.

The young ladies were employed in netting green silk purses to carry about them, so that their winnings at the social card table, the friendly forfeit, or any casual subscription could be set apart, till the first day of every month, when the contents should be deposited in the treasury and the accounts balanced. At the end of three months Montgomery-asylum was ready for the reception of twelve old men, and an equal number of women; a mistress was appointed to the school, where

where the children were taught, every branch of necessary education, becoming their humble state, the asylum was soon occupied, and the school had upwards of thirty pupils; they were clothed once a year, and occasionally rewarded with presents to encourage merit, and promote emulation. The establishment was much approved and supported by the neighbourhood, Ellen's artless letter to her aunt, procured a purse she had made of fifty pounds; many a satisfied hour did Mrs. Montgomery pass in the school, and in their endearing dependence, their improvement and grateful smiles received the sweetest reward. May the example be imitated by the great and affluent! it will afford an unfading satisfaction, when the vanities and pleasures of an unthinking world will be of no consideration. Leaving the happy family, in the pursuit of their benevolence, let us introduce some neighbours, who will make a distinguished figure in these memoirs.

CHAP. IV.

THE reader may remember how much Major Montgomery was indebted to Sir Joseph Cleveland in the early part of life; let him then conceive the pleasure he felt, on learning his friend owned a magnificent seat, only five miles from the Castle, and that with his lady and family, he spent at least the three summer months in the north. By one of those unaccountable turns which frequently occur in human life, Sir Joseph had become the husband of Miss Howard, the lady destined by her parents for the Major. The Baronet with the assistance of women and
race

race horses, by the age of twenty seven, had reduced his patrimonial fortune to a very narrow compass; Miss Howard had past the meridian of beauty, and her father leaving her sole directress of herself and possessions, she thought they could not be better bestowed than on a gay young Baronet. In her right he possessed the valuable estate of Howard Place, the above mentioned distance from Montgomery Castle. Sir Joseph heard with real pleasure, that his friend had settled at the Castle; he and Lady Cleveland were a fashionable pair, in public, their days passed in a continued whirl of expensive dissipation, retirement in ennui; neither had sensibility to be happy, nor sentiment to be wretched, theirs was the middle state—inferiority.

The offspring of the marriage were three daughters, Miss Cleveland was a fashionable girl, and a finished coquet; Miss Charlotte fair and delicate, and thinking an air of languor and indisposition gave irresistible charms, and conveyed an idea of fine feelings, was never
well;

well; Frances, the youngest, was lovely, gentle and obliging, yet no favorite with her mother. Sir Joseph had a son before his marriage, by a young woman who died in giving him birth; if the Baronet ever loved, it was the mother of this boy, and Lady Cleveland bringing no male heir, his fondness for his son increased; what would have been a virtue in another wife, gave no eclat to the character of her Ladyship. She suffered the youth to be bred in the family, and he was as free with the young ladies as if the child of their mother; indeed it was only by those very intimately acquainted, that he was not considered the legitimate heir of his father.

He had a tolerable person, with an immoderate quantity of assurance, his passions were violent, and had never been restrained, his manners dissipated, and his boundless extravagance never receiving any check from his father, encouraged those follies which lead to vice, and end in destruction. Sir Joseph and the Major soon renewed their ancient friendship; the families were on easy terms, but

but the difference of sentiments in the Ladies admitted not intimacy, the two eldest daughters of the Baronet were fast approaching to women, when the Major settled at the Castle. Miss Fanny was nearly the age of Madeline, and was never so pleased as when allowed to pass a few days with her. In a beautiful valley, little more than a mile from the Castle of Montgomery, rose the modest mansion of Josiah Primrose, one of the people commonly called Quakers, the exact regularity of the building, the order and neatness of the grounds were perfect emblems of the quiet spirits which reigned within. The father of Mr. Primrose left Pennsylvania with an immense fortune, when his son was in infancy and fixed his abode in this spot. He was educated in the most rigid manner; those finer feelings of the heart, which from some traits in his character might have done honor to humanity, if suffered to expand, were contracted by bigotry, and chilled by superstition. He married him at an early age to one of his own persuasion, and soon after, paid the debt of nature; be-
queathing

queathing him his whole immense possessions, without one generous passion to gratify.

The fair friend whom he had made the wife of his bosom, had a superior mind and more elevated sentiments, "thinkest thee, friend Primrose, she would say, with rather an arch look, that thy broad brimmed hat, or the little pinched cap of thy Miriam, will lead her or thee one step nearer heaven!" "verily, verily I tell thee no, and that our community regard too much the outside of the platter, but consider not the foulness that lieth hid within." She was the mother of two amiable children, and as their father left them solely to her guidance, without any other concern than seeing them strict in their religious duties, they received rather a liberal education. Miriam Primrose to a lovely figure united the sweetest disposition, and the gentlest manners; at the Castle she was adored, and shared the lessons of wisdom from the instructive lips of Mrs. Montgomery; her free access to such an elegant society, improved those

those talents with which nature had blessed her, and gave her a vivacity, which tempered by her innate softness, rendered her truly pleasing; she was distinguished wherever she appeared, by the appellation of the accomplished Quaker; yet so modest was her demeanor, and so strict her piety, that even the most severe of her own people approved her conduct. Vanity is inherent to the female heart, Miriam's intimacy with the ladies of Montgomery gave her a pleasure in dress, her mother easily allowed, and it was not uncommon to see her white frock decorated with a broad sash, her straw hat tied with ribbon, and her flaxen hair in ringlets, these little infringements procured friend Primrose the title of "the gay sifter;" perhaps she was not altogether undeserving of it, for she would look with pleasure at her daughter, joining the ladies at the Castle in the lively dance, this indeed was unknown, and frequently the good woman would say, with an inquiring eye, "surlly, surlly friend Montgomery this must be innocent, else thee wouldst not permit it
in

in thy presence," are we not told, she would reply, my dear friend, that an innocent cheerfulness is pleasing to heaven, and that they are not true promoters of religion, who paint her in gloomy colours? by such softening answers Mrs. Montgomery was sure to procure her favorite, a participation of all the little amusements at the Castle.

Josiah Primrose, the brother of Miriam, possessed all those virtues that gave dignity to human nature, the most unaffected piety without bigotry, justice without severity, and mercy without weakness. Though compelled by a strict father to follow the tenets, of a persuasion whose principles are good, but clouded with many errors, his philanthropy was unbounded, and he considered himself as a member of one vast body, whose charity should be distributed to all in distress, without confining it to one set of people, merely because they happened to be of the same religious opinions: His understanding was good, and highly improved; when he wished to enjoy

joy *superior* satisfactions, he went to the Castle, there he found the purest benevolence, the most exalted friendship, and all the refinements of sense; he beheld the Major, as a man to form the heart by, Mrs. Montgomery he considered the most excellent of her kind, Ellen's vivacity gave him pleasure, the sensibility of Madeline something more; her affection and his sister's strengthened with their years, their sentiments were congenial, and they were the dearest friends.

These three families had mutually interchanged the visits of ceremony, at the period Montgomery asylum was finished, and the Major with his family being the projectors, they waited on them to solicit their contributions. The plan described, Sir Joseph with that indifference he ever felt for money, swore it was a good thing and threw down his ten guineas; his Lady declared, she could not possibly refuse her contribution, as Mrs. Montgomery promoted and so warmly interested herself in the matter; it was well
enough

enough to give the old wretches a roof, but, for her part she never knew any good come of drawing the poor from their native ignorance, thought it the best property a servant could have, and certainly if the lower ranks were enlightened all distinction must soon be lost. Mrs. Montgomery replied, the instruction she intended to be given, would rather teach the lower class their duty; she considered ignorance, and indeed it was, the origin of vice, adding, "many despairing criminals on the scaffold, have deplored it as the cause of their crimes, and ignominious death; and the female world would not disgrace our streets in so shameful a manner, but that vanity acting on an ignorant mind, destitute of one virtuous or religious principle, receives those fatal impressions which lead to infamy and ruin, therefore I think it the duty of every christian, to promote piety, virtue and humility, to the utmost of their power."

Lady Cleveland offered five guineas, Mrs. Montgomery politely declined it, saying it would

would be unpardonable to accept her Ladyship's contribution, for what she disapproved;—"nay, my dear Madam,—such a trifle,—positively if it is refused, I shall think you offended." Mamselle Pat, cried Mr. Cleveland, to his eldest sister, how beats your pulse? charitably? Joseph you are extremely rude, to ask such a question, when you know Lady Cleveland, has refused to lend me a few pieces to pay for my new faux montre; laughing at her vexation, he threw down a guinea, and attacked poor Charlotte; none sister, cried the tormentor, should be more busily employed in the works of supererogation, than you who are so near the gloomy territories," holding the eau de luce to her nose, "come who knows but one piece may bribe Peter the Porter to open the gate." Ah you robust being, answered the almost fainting beauty, "they jest at scars, who never felt a wound," Madam can this mite be acceptable? giving Madeline a guinea, to hand her mother, certainly Miss Charlotte. Fanny then ran to her saying, she would give all the money she had, which

which was four shillings, if she would prevail on her mamma, to let her return with Miss Montgomery, for that she was quite delighted with her account of the school, a negative was put to the request, Fanny sighed and giving the silver, said with the most interesting naïveté, why should the poor people suffer for my staying at home, do take it Madam ! seeing Mrs. Montgomery did not hold out the purse, indeed she was admiring a trait, which the child inherited from none of her family, and clasping her round the neck, I will my charming feeling girl, and do me also the pleasure to wear this ring, taking a small diamond from her finger, in remembrance of one, who will ever love you for your goodness ; little more passed, they soon took leave, and ordered the coach to the Quaker's.—
“ Was there ever such a ridiculous whim thought on, exclaimed Lady Cleveland, as the door closed on her visitors ? can't the woman be contented, with turning half her own old ruins into an hospital, without taxing people of fashion, who have a thousand ways of
spend-

spending money, that she has not spirit even to imagine!" I am sure said Miss, Sir Joseph had better give me ten guineas, for I lost every bet last night; "aye, Sir Joseph, adds his Lady you was certainly wrong, but, indeed she fastened on us in such a manner! was she ever pretty? looking kindly on him; "was she? returned the Baronet, without heeding her glance, you may judge what she has been, by what she still is;"—the eldest girl promises amazing loveliness, said Mr. Cleveland; the veriest dowdy I ever beheld, replied Miss, the other has some animation, if piety and VIRTUE, don't deprive her of it before she is fifteen. Oh, faith, Pat, interrupted her brother, you would give all the cosmetics on your toilet, for one shade of her complexion; "impertinent! said she, disdainfully.

We shall now leave this family of *ton*, and attend those I trust my readers, will deem more worthy of notice. Without any parade the Major and his family, were conducted in-

to the parlour of Mr. Primrose; they found his wife seated at work, in a viranda adjoining the room; the quiet smile which beamed on her mild countenance, displayed the serenity that dwelt within, the gentle Miriam stood by her, copying with her pencil a branch of roses which lay on a table before her, "thee hast pleased me much, friend Montgomery, said Mrs. Primrose, by this unceremonious visit; verily as I love thee, I feared, that which thy gay people call politeness, would not have permitted friendly intercourse, but gladly I find thee art above it;" indeed, my dear Madam, replied Mrs. Montgomery, true politeness, though much talked of, is little understood, I believe it congenial to delicate minds, excludes formality, and consists in an easy attention to the wishes of others, without being troublesome, it is equally remote from ceremony and low familiarity. "Thee hast well defined it friend, and to practise it, throw thy cloak aside, I pray thee, let the horses return, and share a dinner to which thee and thine art heartily welcome, my

my Jofiah walketh with his fon, but will not tarry long."

The invitation was accepted, the Quaker soon joined them, and Mrs. Montgomery opened the plan, ſhe ſo warmly patronized; my hopes are fanguine, added ſhe of your aſſiſtance, becauſe I believe you charitable and humane; "thee art, interrupted Mrs. Primroſe with energy, a faithful ſervant to thy God, and he who marked and applauded the widow's mite, will recompenſe thee in the hour of retribution; and thinkeſt thee, ſaid the Quaker, that I *ought* to aid thine undertaking? verily friend, thee knoweſt that the poor of our people trouble not thee nor thine, and I tell thee, moreover, it is not meet to take the children's bread and caſt it to the dogs;" dear ſir, replied the Major, are we not all the children of one great parent? equally the objects of his care? "true neighbour, but all his ſtewards do not equally their duty; canſt thee ſay, thine eyes ever beheld, one in our ſimple habit hang on thy door for food? were

thine ears ever assailed, with their whine for charity?" When the poor unfortunate crave our assistance, we seldom inquire their faith, nor can we assert that one of your persuasion never begged for alms, for how Mr. Primrose could the neatness of your modest attire, be discerned through the rags of poverty and wretchedness? the argument was now in that position, that the friend could extend it no farther to his own satisfaction, so without answering the question, he simply said, "and what wouldst thee that I should do for thy poor? if I support thy design, may I sometimes recommend a harmless friend?" My dear sir, replied the Major, whether it may suit your ideas of propriety or not to assist it, who ever you recommend, so far as the little fund will admit, shall be received, even were it an infidel, we would try to convert him; "I know not friend, interrupted the Quaker with quickness, if thee art right there,—but verily, verily, friend Montgomery, thee hast so far conquered, that while thine asylum stands, it shall know a supporter in Josiah Primrose; thee

thee approveſt it Miriam?" addreſſing his wife, I do, answered ſhe, and with more ſolemn ſincerity than many a modern religious would hold up the hand over the ſacred page.

The ſubject then dropped, and the remainder of the day was paſſed in that innocent cheerfulness, which ought ever to diſtinguiſh a chriſtian ſociety; the young people appeared all the children of one family, the modeſt attention of Joſiah, was equally pleaſing to the gentleneſs of Miriam, and the vanity of Ellen; Madeline he beheld as ſomething ſuperior to any thing he had ever conceived, and by being more anxious, became leſs able to pleaſe, yet ſhe accepted all his attentions with a ſweetneſs natural to her; in preſenting her the fineſt fruit and flowers, he did it with ſuch a timidity, that ſhe ſometimes ſmiled, but was inclined to weep, when ſhe perceived that ſmile gave him a painful confuſion.

In a ſtate of the moſt uninterrupted peace, ſeveral years ſlipped inſenſibly away at the

Castle, and brought the improving charms of the amiable Madeline almost to perfection; the softest lustre irradiated her whole figure, a figure that could only be excelled by the mind which gave it animation. Miriam and she were inseparable, the same rectitude of heart, the same meekness of temper, and similarity of sentiment actuated both: the virtues cherished by the one, were admired and imitated by the other, and unaffected modesty heightened the whole. The beauty of Ellen, was still more dazzling than her sister's; her turn of mind and manner, was infinitely more gay, and her sprightly air was tempered with a majestic sweetness; in short, the sisters could not be better described, than by a little anecdote recited by their aunt, Mrs. Fortesque,—“an honest tar being asked his opinion, of the celebrated Duchesse of H^{amilton}—n, and Countess of C^{romwell}—y, replied, the beauty of the one, says, pray love me, the other, you shall love me.”

Few, I believe, ever passed a life of such serene happiness, as the Major and his beloved partner, a happiness, which the rising virtues of their daughters were daily increasing. They lived on what is called friendly terms with the Cleveland family, and indeed the Major had been unusually intimate with the Baronet, frequently spending whole mornings at Howard Place; a congenial sentiment attached them to the Primrose family, while enlivened esteem and unlimited confidence cemented them in the firmest bands of friendship. Frances Cleveland was much beloved by Mrs. Montgomery and her daughters; and being treated with unkindness at home, frequently passed weeks at the Castle, always finding the welcome of maternal regard; the paternal mansion had few claims on her feelings, and when she drew a comparison, her heart inclined to pay Mrs. Montgomery affectionate respect, and her daughters, the sincerest love, home had duty alone. Madeline had attained her seventeenth year, and winter had thrown a dreary gloom over every vernal scene, the heavy

rains precluded the morning ramble, and the evening walk. The Cleveland's hastened to town to lose the ennui of the stupid country, in dissipation, but the more rational inhabitants of the Castle, and the valley, beguiled the heavy season by the pleasures of social friendship, and enlivened converse with each other around the comfortable fire-side; while the nicer feelings were gratified by domestic endearments, and the gentle offices of humanity.

Returning summer brought the Baronet's family, to the wonder of the country, two months earlier than usual, to Howard Place; their first visit being generally to the Castle; now discovered to the admiring eyes of some, and the envious gaze of others, Madeline and her sister, in all the pride of beauty, improved by a refined education. Fanny flew with delight and embraced Mrs. Montgomery and her daughters, while her eldest sister, with a contemptuous sneer, asked if she thought such rusticity either becoming or pleasing? as to
becoming

becoming retorted she, with some spirit, I have not considered; that it is pleasing, my own feelings convince me. They soon took leave, and were no sooner seated in the coach than Sir Joseph observed the girls were grown d—d handsome, “ Lord how can you think so, answered his Lady, the eldest is the most inanimate piece of still life I ever saw, not an air of fashion about her; as for Ellen, the veriest hoiden that ever disgraced the name of gentlewoman; how justly you describe them, my dear Madam, cried Miss; you would blush Martha, interrupted her father, through your rouge, to introduce her at Lady Racket’s assembly; it would be the blush of envy then, cried her brother; oh! by my conscience, replied she, Joseph is in love, prithee make haste, either will be at your devotion.” Leaving them to pursue their altercation, we shall close the chapter.

CHAP. V.

WHEN the fashionable family left the Castle, Mrs. Montgomery remarked with a sigh, that her sweet Fanny had lost the bloom of health, and that vivacity she carried to town; adding, a languor was diffused over her pretty features, which made her fear all was not quiet within, a tear glistened in Madeline's eye, in answering, she had made the same observation, and would pay her an early visit, to learn the cause, and if possible lessen it by participation. My dear creature, cried Ellen, can you wonder at her
want

want of spirits, when you see how she is tormented with those splenetic cats? Company entering, the conversation closed, nor could it be renewed during the day.

It had been a custom at the Castle, to celebrate the wedding day of the Major, with every mark of innocent festivity, the girls now petitioned for a play, instead of the usual ball, on the ensuing jubilee, “we can accomplish it with the greatest ease,” cried Ellen, “there is much company at Howard Place, who can represent the characters, no negative dear, dear Papa, kissing him—all is settled,—Madeline is as anxious as myself,—the play the Provoked Husband,—Madeline, Lady Grace—Frances, Miss Jenny,—Lady Wronghead, Miss Cleveland,—Lady Townly, your mad Ellen,—all is arranged,—only want your consent, I have Mamma’s.—Ellen! “dear Madam, your eyes gave it, they glanced at the great hall,” thou art a mad-cap Ellen, replied the Major, but on THAT day, looking tenderly on his wife, I can deny *nothing*. “We

were so sure of it Papa, cried the mad-cap, that we have our parts already; nay the antiquated features of Martha Cleveland wore a smile; she chose her character, doated on theatricals, they were quite the ton; all shall be arranged with propriety, Madeline, added she, you have to prevail on Mrs. Primrose and Miriam to attend; the good friend would expect satan in terrific form, where he to indulge; as for thy virtuous Josiah! where thee art, fair Madeline! there will thy Josiah be also.

They soon repaired to invite the friends of the valley, Mrs. Primrose and Miriam were alone,—Ellen began, “I come dear friend, to tempt thee;” to do what Ellen? to—to,—Madeline speak, for her cap is so unusually pinched a la puritane this morning,—that I read frowns,—motions of the spirit,—and refusals in every crimp; Ellen, Ellen thee art, too flippant,—friend, friend thee art too formal.” Madeline, then presented her mother’s invitation to the play,—the colour rose in the
 cheek

cheek of Mrs. Primrose, she hesitated,—and at length said, “tell thy mother, I fear it must not be,—I think it not wrong,—but friend Primrose would never consent, and concealment would make it a crime in me,”—her son entered; Jofiah, what sayest thee? the ruby lips of Madeline, again repeated the request,—Jofiah modestly replied, “reason, my mother, informeth the human heart, that an innocent amusement in itself, cannot be reprehensible,—but self denial being partly the base of our religion, it would ill become the strictness of a puritan to yield to the propensity of pleasure.” Well, interrupted Madeline, since reason disapproves not, and morality could receive no injury from the indulgence, do you think Jofiah, that blindly to be led, to submit to rules laid down by those who have no more right to impose them, than I have to add or take from the decalogue, indicates sense? or does it promote piety? trust me, there are many who admire some parts of your religion, who shudder at its severe particularities: Ye veil it with gloom and superstition, the

the primitive christians, nay even the patriarchs themselves, celebrated their festivals with dancing, feasting and mirth; "dear Madeline, cried Ellen, tired of the grave subject, and have not the friends their love feasts, and their holy kisses, and their——" stop, stop, thy tongue, interrupted Mrs. Primrose, thee hast broke an argument by which I wished to profit; even had thy reason been convinced, resumed Josiah, thee hadst still been undecided, for without leave from thy people, thee nor thine cannot indulge the wish. "Alas! thought the meek Miriam how severe a stricture on our sect! who gave them power to dictate right and wrong,—to mark the boundary of conscience? Mr. Primrose passed the virando, "you have succeeded so ill Madeline, cried Ellen, that I will attack this one myself; friend continued she, wilt thou permit the wife of thy bosom, the daughter of thy love, the son of thy hope and thine own formality at their head, to be present at an innocent representation, performed in honor of love, yea, even the *holy* love

love of my father and my mother's wedding-day? child of vanity avaunt! cried the Quaker, avaunt with thy temptation!—Avaunt! muttered Ellen, rather indignantly; the sensible Madeline fearing contention, mildly asked if he could consent to oblige them,—child of vanity, cried the Quaker, I tell thee no,—tempt not I pray thee any more the weakness of these daughters of error; pointing to his wife and Miriam, too far have they already wandered in the maze of folly.” Jostiah in silence fixed his eyes on Madeline, while she replied to his father, with a look of pity for his erring judgment, I will say no more, sir, though convinced how harmless the entertainment, how innocent my request; I will say no more,—in you, in your family, compliance would be reprehensible, because ye think it wrong, would I had not asked, added she, a refusal for *that day* is so unusual, that it gives me a sensation I cannot define,—’tis painful, would I had not asked!—Madeline! Madeline! said the Quaker, grasping her hand with a look she could in no way explain, Madeline,

line, daughter of goodness, what could tempt thee to renounce thy vanities; that, sir, answered she with firmness, which could tempt thee to renounce thy particularities. He dropped her hand, and was about to address Josiah, when Mrs Primrose prevented him, saying, “ verily Josiah, the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.” To-morrow Madeline thy mother shall have an answer, I will ask leave of my people, for verily, my heart will be with thee, though I tarry in this dwelling; Miriam and Josiah then attended them to the Castle.

Ellen drew aside the young friend, to indulge the acrimony of the moment, for her father's refusal; she sighed meekly,—but her heart was too full to reply,—in the meantime, silent and sad, was the walk to Madeline,—heavy sighs burst from the heart of Josiah,—his eyes were full, and he appeared struggling with concealed sorrow. She wished to inquire, to share if she could not soften it, but his apparent agony so oppressed her, that an
indiscri-

indiscribable something arrested speech, and in silence they arrived at the Castle.

The unsuccessful embassy, rather hurt than surpris'd Mrs. Montgomery; she loved the amiable Josiah, and beheld his pale face with real concern, but her knowledge of the human heart led her to suppose, that his grief was of that delicate, retiring nature which would shun observation, and she forbore remark; pleading an engagement, he would not stay, "thou canst have none my brother, said Miriam tenderly, I pray thee tarry here," she stopped, for he had left them; in the agreeable hurry of preparation, Ellen forgot the Quaker's aunt! and Miriam in the caresses of beloved friends, her chagrin. Next morning a card from Mrs. Primrose inform'd them, that the community had returned a *stern negative* to her request, and that Miriam was to leave the Castle the evening preceding the play.

The

The indulgence of three days residence at Montgomery Castle, Miriam owed to the kindness of her brother, who wisely judged his sister's mind would be better composed by the soft counsels of her friends, than the rigid reproofs of a severe father. Something in the dramatic arrangement having been forgotten by Ellen, and Madeline anxious to see Fanny alone, after a charity sermon in the adjoining town, where the Major and family were invited to dine, they requested the coach to take them to Howard Place. Accompanied by Miriam they set out; on reaching the avenue which led to the house, they left the carriage to enjoy the cool shade of tall oaks, which formed a canopy over head and defied, the sun's most penetrating beams; while sauntering along, they observed a gentleman reading under the shade of a tree,—as the ladies approached, he arose, and bowing with easy politeness, begged to escort them to the house; during the walk, they learned he was distantly related to Lady Cleveland, and then her visitor; his figure was really interesting,
and

and the ladies were much pleased with his address and engaging manners; the house was full of company, yet they were obliged to stay dinner. The coach drove back, and Miriam knew not why, that for the first time in her life, she felt happy in being at Howard Place.

In Miss Cleveland's dressing room, Ellen vowed she had lost her heart to a stranger in the avenue; "Lord, my dear, cried Miss, describe him, for we have such a crowd of company!" he was in uniform, a crape round his arm, "Oh, interrupted she 'tis that stupid wretch, Glanville, his wife was drowned abroad, and though he cared not two-pence about her, pretends to lament what he calls her untimely fate."

As this gentleman will often appear in very interesting circumstances, it may be necessary to give a short sketch of his history; Captain Adolphus Glanville, though descended from an ancient family, had no fortune, and his relations conceiving the army, the
most

most likely method to be relieved from his complaints (for he was an orphan) at the age of sixteen, gave him an ensigncy; he possessed strict honor, amiable manners, and a fine figure; he was universally beloved as a soldier, and respected as a man of worth and integrity.

In country quarters, a young lady of large independant fortune, saw and loved him; Glanville was twenty-two, and, with an unengaged heart, felt no reluctance in accepting a young creature with fifteen thousand pounds; as Miss Cleveland observed, he had never loved her, but treated her with that tender complacency, which might have well passed for love, with a mind more sensible and refined than Mrs. Glanville ever possessed; he was the first fine fellow that had come in her way, and no sooner had she escaped from the watchful care of her guardians, and precincts of her native village, than she gave full play to dissipation, and an inordinate desire for admiration. By every tender remonstrance, her husband strove to reclaim her,

her, but her nature was incorrigible, and when she followed him to America, blushed not to own, that his society was her least inducement.

A conduct so indelicate, so highly culpable, must have hurt a heart less nice than Glanvilles, and by degrees he attained such a perfect indifference, that it was not until the accident which deprived him of her, that he felt the wife had hidden claims upon a husband's heart; he was attacked with a slight fever, and as the mind is never so softened as when under the pressure of calamity, with an affectionate look he told her, he should little regret his illness, if it would procure him her company one whole day; "it will not be this," replied she coldly, for I am engaged with a large party on the water, but if I were not, I hope my fortune can afford to hire a nurse, at an expence less painful to me, than confinement in a room, little better than an hospital;" without attending to his answer, she left the apartment, *never* more to enter it; the

the pleasure boat was driven out to sea, by a sudden squall, several bodies were cast ashore, that of Mrs. Glanville, notwithstanding the strictest search, was never found. Her husband mourned her fate with unaffected concern, though his friends thought he had much more cause to rejoice.

Peace was soon after concluded, he returned to Britain, met Lady Cleveland, and his fortune procured him an invitation to the country; nor was she without hopes he would leave it her son-in-law; but experience had now taught him to be wary, and it was very unlikely, that the Miss Clevelands could attach a heart like his; Fanny he treated with the easy freedom of a brother, more he felt not; the mild charms of Madeline, the glowing beauties of Ellen, he beheld with admiration, yet perfectly free from any warmer sentiment; but in the modest Quaker he was interested; he viewed her native loveliness, over which the hand of fashion had thrown no ornament, with the most guiltless delight,
in

in descending to the dining parlour, he offered his hand, she raised her eyes to thank him, but finding his fixed on her with respectful earnestness, a blush of innate modesty died her face, which compleated her conquest.

Madeline in vain endeavoured, to separate Fanny from the company, even for a moment; but her observations during the day convinced her, Mr. Herbert, a visitor, employed the thoughts of her friend, their mutual glances were noticed, and she resolved to ask her home, and learn the truth of what she suspected.

After a very late and splendid dinner, the ladies and some few gentlemen retired to the drawing room, when after a hurried cup of coffee, two folding doors were thrown open, and discovered the card room superbly illuminated, and eight tables courting the votaries of fortune to her shrine. It was Sunday, a day Miriam had often passed at the Castle, listening to the voice of the Major, delivering the
instructive

instructive lessons of the pious Fordyce, Blair, &c. the discourse still mended, by his own moral remarks, she had also listened with rapture, to sounds issuing from the lips of Madeline, that reached to heaven, while the finger of Ellen heightened the harmony; on these sweet—these solemn occasions, her soul was raised something above mortality;—what then were her sensations, when Miss Cleveland, with a pack of cards in her hand, arranging the parties, inquired whether she played whist, quadrille,—or would sit at a round game? an astonishment bordering on terror, at first kept her silent. Miss Cleveland had traversed the room, thy friend considereth, said she to Madeline, glancing a supercilious look at Miriam; at what wilt thee play? “at nothing, Madam, I never play on Sunday. Ah dieu, quelle follie! Miss Ellen—my sister and I had the same instructors, Miss Cleveland, I do not play; returning to Miriam she continued, hast thee determined young friend? determined! answered the still agitated girl with a look of horror at the cards; Miss Cleveland

Cleveland still shuffled,—determined ! yes to quit a scene so impious, so detested. Madeline seeing her friend pale and trembling arose, saying, “ I will attend you, my dear Miss Primrose to another apartment.”—Ellen. The three ladies were leaving the room, when Mr. Cleveland snatching the hand of Madeline, exclaimed, being a little inebriated, by heaven ! *you* do not go—surely you are superior to such superstitious folly, is not the early part of the day sufficient for the practice of piety ? if not, faith commend me for a good catholic. You are at liberty, sir, replied Miss Montgomery, with a petrifying coldness, and withdrawing her hand, to pursue that mode of faith which best suits you, permit me to retire, my friend is indisposed ; Lady Cleveland advanced, “ my dear girls what detains you from the tables ? ” we do not play, replied Madeline, to-night, let us not engage your time, we wish to retire ; be persuaded Madeline, cried her Ladyship ; Joseph, she will not refuse you compliance with a custom, so generally received in the great world, that

it constitutes it right. "I have considered, Madam," replied Madeline with dignity, and piqued at her address to Joseph, "that what is falsely termed innocent amusement, and well-bred compliance with modern customs, the first step to vice; and I further assure your Ladyship that Mr. Cleveland, is the last person who could either convince my understanding, or alter my resolution."

The three ladies then retired, followed by Captain Glanville, Mr. Herbert and Joseph Cleveland. Fanny soon joined them and was proposing a ramble, when Captain Glanville observed the clouds portended a storm, 'tis pity said Joseph, who felt offended with Madeline, and at the best had but an irritable temper, for we shall find it difficult to select a subject adapted to the understanding of our hearers; you offered us great reason to doubt your own, and tax your politeness, replied Glanville, I am of opinion with one of our first writers, "that in conversing with women, we should endeavour to exalt and
refine

refine our subjects, instead of debasing them." Mr. Cleveland was prevented replying, by a violent clap of thunder, which shook the whole edifice, followed by tremendous flashes of lightning and torrents of rain. Frances had thrown herself into the arms of Mr. Herbert for protection; while Miriam in the attitude of piety, exclaimed softly, "Mighty God! punish not innocence with guilt! but let thine all pervading power awaken the hardened sinner to repentance!" Joseph laughed at what he called her enthusiasm; while Glanville pressed her cold hand and whispered,

—————"Fear not,
Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm! He, who yon skies involve
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard.

————and that same voice,
Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure," —————

Madeline was composed, yet wished herself at the Castle, while poor Ellen shrank from herself on the repetition of every peal; the storm continued with unremitting fury, and the Miss Montgomerys suffered a messenger to be dispatched, telling they remained all night at Howard Place. The card parties were broke up, and all assembled to an early supper,—the distant thunder was sinking gradually into silence, when all retired to repose.

Madeline and Miriam were allotted the same apartment. In vain the gentle Quaker laid her head upon the pillow, still the form of Glanville would obtrude; what thought she, could he ever be to me, even did he love me, *his* faith,—*my* father's—she shuddered,—*mine*, she sighed,—Oh Glanville! Glanville! why didst thee appear—why, why disturb a calm, which until now ne'er knew an interruption; her thoughts had enjoyed but a short cessation in sleep, when Madeline starting shrieked, “gracious heaven! what a fearful dream.”—Beloved
Made-

Madeline! what moves thee? "Oh Miriam what a dream!" sweet friend let not the wanderings of a sleeping fancy alarm thee; what hast thee to fear? with a sweet voice she repeated,

"Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse, as now light dispels the dark."

She unfolded her hands, saying, 'tis weakness to inquire and to repeat, yet what didst thee dream my friend? I thought, said Madeline, that Sir Joseph came to me with his bosom open, and streaming with blood, and bade me haste to the Castle; quick as sound I reached it and beheld, Oh God! my mother stretching out her arms to save my father, who appeared sinking in the burning ruins of the Castle; I flew and caught my father's arm, but my mother sunk from my grasp and was lost for ever. I thought my father was much bruised, and casting my eyes on the burning pile again, I beheld my mother,

robed in white, rising over the chapel; my father escaped from my feeble arms, and both were lost. I then flew with wildness through the woods, knowing not where to turn; once I saw thee, then Ellen, and soon after the ladies of this house all wretched, mean and dirty, weeping over the bleeding body of Sir Joseph; again I fought the Castle, when methought your brother Josiah led me to our favorite mount, and bidding me turn my eyes, I beheld the Castle rise in all its ancient grandeur, and he ascended in a triumphal carr, leaving me in the arms of a young man. I was regaining my composure when something awoke me." Thy dream is strange, and must be the effects of last night's storm upon thy fancy, replied Miriam, turn thee, sleep will compose thy spirits: again Madeline started, and quitting the bed, cried, "this is something more than fancy, the same drear vision rises to my view, Oh! mighty heaven guard my parents! save thy feeble creature who reposes in thy strength, for my soul is harrowed with dismay."

The

The sun darted his beams through the curtains, when unrefreshed and dejected the friends arose. Madeline's mind was free from superstition, and her understanding was enlightened, yet she could not drive from her heart the heaviness her dream occasioned. The lark had long begun to hymn her morning carol, the rain of the preceding evening had enlivened the verdure of the surrounding landscape, and the drops still glittered on the fragrant blossoms, when Madeline proposed a walk, if possible, to restore her tranquillity: fancied evils! thought Miriam, ah were mine no more, but she gladly assented, and slipped softly down stairs.

By degrees Madeline became more calm, and turned the subject to Glanville, "how poor a figure, said she to her companion, does Cleveiland appear when compared with him; how agreeably improving his conversation! how lively, yet chaste his wit, how superior to the fashionable folly of the other, who in aiming to be more than he is,

becomes less than nature even made him ;” thee sayest right, friend, but what will it all avail thy Miriam ? Madeline raised her eyes, the face of Miriam glowed, it conveyed a truth to her mind, she looked inquiringly, the blush heightened, it was too much for the timid Quaker ; she clasped the arm of her friend, burst into tears, and sunk together on a mossy seat ; “ couldst thee believe, said the modest girl, resuming her serene manner, couldst thee believe, that thy friend, bred in the very bosom of simplicity, could so far forget her faith, her parents and herself, as to suffer—alas ! an ill regulated heart to wander at the first glance ; yea, yield to the first temptation offered by an alluring world in the form of Glanville ? what daughter of dissipation could do more ! fly Madeline, forsake thine indiscreet friend ; folly is contagious, and I would not taint thy purity, lost as I am, be thee ever preserved : yet thee wilt never err ; oh then in pity, my monitress, guide thy Miriam with council, teach her how to forget herself and Glanville.

Madeline

Madeline loved her friend, and unconscious of the folly, so deprecated by Miriam, soothed her with the most endearing expressions, and if she did not compose, at least repressed her sorrow. The breakfast bell summoned them to attend, when a quick step behind induced them to look back and beheld Glanville; a momentary fear that he might have overheard them, mounted the blood in their cheeks, when he saluted them with unusual vivacity, saying the brilliancy of their complexion, led him to hope they had enjoyed a serene night after the storm,—“you judge from your own feelings perhaps,” said Madeline,—quite the reverse, I never passed one so uneasy, looking on Miriam with expressive langour, and I fear it is but the beginning of them.

At breakfast Lady Cleveland observed that Madeline and her friend were unusually grave, and very pale, it might have been so, for the blood had again returned to the beating heart of Miriam, and an air of absence

over the face of Sir Joseph, recalled the nocturnal vision to the mind of Madeline, who replied, "it is very probable, Madam, for I alarmed Miss Primrose in the night, by relating a very terrific dream, which in defiance of reason, agitated me even when awake, "do you heed dreams, Miss Montgomery?" said her Ladyship, "no Madam, yet this was so particular, and we frequently find, that even reason's efforts cannot subdue the prejudice of nature, for my education never encouraged superstition;" dear creature, cease comments, cried Miss Cleveland, for I die to hear your dream. Sir Joseph interrupted, I thought you superior to the weakness. While relating the scenes her sleeping fancy had presented, the Baronet betrayed visible emotion, his colour varied, and when she ceased, without raising his eyes, he exclaimed, in a tremulous voice, "and yet 'twas but a dream." No more, sir, answered Madeline, smiling, yet remarking his manner.

The subject then dropped, and the ladies,
with

with Fanny, attended by Mr. Cleveland, returned to the Castle. Fanny had evidently shunned any private conversation with Madeline, but could not refuse her invitation, being imperfect in her part for next day's representation. When assembled in the dressing room of Mrs. Montgomery, Madeline seating herself on the sofa, sighed deeply, her mother looked at her, and taking the hand of Fanny, inquired, with the kindest concern, the reason of her dejection, "you are reserved my lovely girl, continued she, where is that innocent vivacity, that amiable frankness, which made you so dear to my heart? how have I lost your confidence? weep not my love, repose your griefs in my bosom, and assure yourself of my utmost indulgence, should you need it." My more than mother! answered the sobbing girl, what our own hearts disapprove, we naturally wish to conceal from those, whose good opinion we are anxious to preserve; I am conscious of error, and tho' a stranger to guilt, would shun your examination; I have insensibly strayed from

the limits prescribed by duty and reason, and would bury my folly in silence, as the only means left me to endure it; yet dearest Madam, who can direct the movements of the heart.—Miriam sighed; “no one, answered Mrs. Montgomery, no one my Fanny! I understand your feelings, and will spare your confusion;” how kind you are, why then should I blush, (since Herbert is worthy,) to say, that my dearest wishes are for his peace! Martha, the favorite of my mother loves him, but he can only live for Fanny, he asks not fortune, wishes but for that he has long had,—my affection—he is not rich, but has abilities that will more than insure a competence; my sister rejected would sharpen a refusal of me, and he would be discarded with disdain. “Appeal to your father,” oh it would avail us nothing, he is become inattentive to every thing, and would refer to my mother. Mrs. Montgomery replied, with affectionate seriousness, “you must, my sweet Frances, leave time to act in your favor, by a firm perseverance in duty, you will still more engage the esteem of
your

your lover, and believe an experienced friend, that the consciousness of having obeyed its dictates, will diffuse a serenity over your mind, which even the possession of your tenderest wishes, if obtained by a deviation from prudence, could never afford; secure in your lover, unintimidated by any forced match, rely on providence to extricate you; to every duty there is annexed a blessing, and nothing but a gross violation of the laws of nature, in a parent, can absolve a child for withdrawing herself from his protection."

My best friend, replied Fanny, if with you, I should act right; if left to myself, with an urgent agreeable lover, unkind treatment, and I blush to add, *not good* example, I fear my own weakness, but to merit your love, I will, yes, I will strictly guard myself from a too persuasive tongue; if I conquer, you will approve, if I yield, you will pity, if not forgive me. She then threw her arms around her maternal friend, and was soon composed enough to ask Madeline if she had recovered

ed.

ed her spirits? What disordered them, interrupted her mother, anxiously? Only a dream mamma, but such a dream! "My love are you so weak? positively I shall chide you all, all but my meek unerring Miriam;" I pray thee except not me, cried she, colouring consciously; the gay Ellen, though affected by Fanny's tears, was half tired of *sentiment*, ran to her mother and kissing her, said "I am the best child of the whole, for Miriam is going to transform the gay Glanville into a *friend*, because there is not preciseness enough amongst us already." And would not thee have every one a friend? interrupted Miriam, striving to conceal her confusion under a forced smile; Ellen, said her mother, you was born to teaze, while she silently noticed Miriam, addressing Madeline, she requested, she might banish the remembrance of her dream, and to fortify her mind in future against such weakness to consider the glorious Being that views the past, the present, and future, in one glance, who disposes of events for the good of his creatures that repose on his mercy; when thou layest
down

down to sleep, continued she, in the words of an elegant author, recommend thyself to his care, when thou arisest, give thyself up to his direction; he will either avert impending evils, or turn them to thy advantage, fear not the time, nor manner of thy death, he knoweth both, and under his protection he will not fail to comfort and support thee in the hour of trial."

The Major entered, and informed them Josiah Primrose was below, "he cometh for me perhaps," said Miriam, "I wish said Ellen our rehearsal had been to-day, you would then have enjoyed part of the amusement in spite of their formality;" "thinkest thee so poorly of Miriam, friend Ellen, as that she would steal a fleeting pleasure, burden her mind with concealment, and hazard a discovery, which would plunge her into confusion and shame;" "and wilt thee," added Ellen, archly, "be ever thus open? verily sweet Miriam thee must, for thy countenance will ever betray thee." In descending the stairs
the

the Major drew Madeline into his study, saying he had a few words for her privacy, this was not unusual, it did not alarm her; they were seated, and her father kindly pressing her hand, asked if Mr. Cleveland had not been particular in his attentions of late; "to whom, dear sir?" To my Madeline; he loves her, and I have received very liberal proposals from Sir Joseph; your mind my child is too exalted to blight his hopes, because the imprudence of his parents, tinged his birth with a stain; if he is worthy, the generous will forget it; answer now, my dearest, without a fear? your happiness is my first consideration, I may direct your judgment, never bias your heart: She kissed her father's hand and replied, this I expected from my parent; no my beloved sir, too dear, too sacred is your protection, to quit it for that of any I have yet seen; the worth of Mr. Cleveland has been a subject so totally uninteresting, that *if* he has any I have overlooked it, pardon my freedom to the son of your friend; but indeed I never beheld him but with sensations

fations of disgust; surely you are partial my father, or your superior judgement would discern, that he, by a speciousness acquired in that great school, the world, hides an ungenerous heart, and if in youth, when the mind, open to all the feelings of humanity, (as I have heard it portrayed) appears fordid, what will it be when time that blunts our sensibilities, shall have rendered it still more callous to generous impressions? believe me, sir, that his only pleasure is in the gratification of his own selfish passions, how dreary then the path of life with such a companion." I never knew you my Madeline so severe, replied the Major, but from what you have said, would Sir Joseph offer his whole fortune; my child should not be urged another moment; retire my love, let not the faintest gloom cloud your brow, from what has passed, my children shall ever find, that as it is my province to direct and approve, it is theirs to select and love." She was going to compose her thoughts alone, when Ellen beckened her from the lawn, ah! thought she, as she descended, would every parent act like mine, how
few

few would execrate the marriage state, and bring ruin and wretchedness on families. I feel that it is the rigid parent that too often makes the undutiful child.

CHAP. VI.

ELLEN and her party were seated under a spreading oak, and on the approach of Madeline, Josiah arose to meet her, health no longer bloomed in his cheek, his eyes had lost their mild lustre, and were only expressive of langour and despondency; his unassuming modesty, the dignity of his air, blended with respectful tenderness, and his serious manner, she contrasted with the conceited

ceited undaunted brow, the unmeaning gallantry, the insipid laugh and disgusting freedom of Mr. Cleveland; interesting youth! thought she, what can depress thee! with a complaisant smile she presented her hand, and hoped he was recovered from the uneasiness which oppressed him at their last meeting; his hand was cold and trembling, she pressed it, the tear of sensibility sparkled in her eye, and with the softest accent, she said, dear Josiah what disturbs you? they reached the oak, he still held the hand of Madeline, when sitting down he rested his head on the tree, dropped it, and burst into tears: Brother of my heart! cried the affrighted Miriam; Madeline, sister of my love! save, pity, love my Josiah! "Alas, answered Madeline, what demon sheds his influence, and disturbs a serenity in which we all were blessed? friend of my peaceful happy days, I do love thy Josiah! he knows no pleasure that I do not share, he feels no sorrow that I do not suffer, even now my heart is bursting to behold him; let it compose thy spirits—addressing him,—dear Josiah that Madeline will ever be thy friend,
thy

thy sister, thy companion cherished in her bosom as is thy Miriam, still will she emulate thy worth, approve thy virtues, walk with thee in innocence on earth, and hail thy goodness in a world of angels;" even Ellen was moved, and held his hand to her heart, Miriam had the other, and as Madeline ceased speaking, the suffering youth raised his eyes, "sweet excellence! cried he, blessed in thyself and in thy goodness blessed; why was I born to wring a tear that I would die to spare! yet oh! spurn not, cast not the poor Josiah from thy heart, though he must yet presume and pray a blessing, which thee hast not offered, yet, couldst thou, all sweetness as thou art, resolve thee to forsake the gay admiring world, seclude thee in the bloom and pride of beauty; forget the bright distinctions of thy birth, and all the splendid vanities of life. Oh virtuous Madeline, couldst thee do this? couldst thee, without the sigh of bitterness, of sad regret, renounce these unsubstantial pleasures for calm retirement, innocent delight and domestic blessings? couldst thee
throw

throw off the glittering attire, and for a while array that faultless figure in our simple dress? say first of women couldst thee? 'twould still be thine to exercise thy darling virtue, benevolence, in every form, to heal the broken hearted, feed the hungry, raise the head of penury, and sooth dejected long forgotten merit; oh then, my fairest, most adored Madeline, decide for smiling peace and poor Josiah;" peace uttered Madeline faintly, his eye shone with hope, his breast throbbed with expectation, he continued, "transporting thought! to guard my love, to shield her sweetness from each threatening ill, anticipate her wishes, watch her very look! Oh Madeline, deign but to make this breast thy pillow of repose, the sure repository of each pain, and oh! with what tenderness I'll wait upon thee, and blessing thy wondrous goodness, pay thee hourly worship, through all the accidents of life; in sickness, sorrow, disappointment, I'll guard thee with the softest care, and be thy guardian, brother, friend and husband;" *peace* repeated Madeline,
still

still dwelling on the word, the *peace* of Madeline Josiah hath destroyed; be blessed Josiah and forget poor Madeline; no longer must she listen, no more hang on thine arm in peaceful friendship, passion usurps its place within thy breast; she hath lost her friend, but Josiah can never gain Madeline; *yet* said she, relenting at his pale looks, yet, remember what you owe me, what I owe my faith, it is firm as yours; what I owe my parents and myself; you are still my friend, but never can be more, Josiah; looking at him with firmness, no—NEVER: Miriam, added she, you might have saved me this conflict, why have you betrayed me? this is too much exclaimed Miriam, weeping, ah recall that angry glance, the troubled heart of Miriam cannot bear it from her Madeline;” well, said Ellen, who had long been silent, and who really pittied Josiah; well, after all Madeline, I think, with a few additions to preliminary articles, you may as well take Josiah and submit to the pinched cap and close bonnet, with all the prim plaiting of the precise Quaker, as marry Cleveland, and have neither cap, bonnet or
gown

gown to wear, for he certainly would set them all on a shake of the elbow, or cut of the cards, Ellen had spoke in such a tone, that Madeline herself could hardly decide whether in jest or earnest, and was considering how she had heard of Cleveland's offer at all; but answered with a serious look, that she would neither marry a man so bigoted, as to conceive a mode of dress, a matter of consequence in religious or moral rectitude; or one who was so lost to honor and prudence, as to endanger its safety by indiscretion.

Recollection had restored Josiah to some composure, when the name of Joseph Cleveland plunged him in redoubled horror, and turning to Madeline with agony depicted on his face, blended with conscious superiority over his rival, cried, can the chaste, the sensible heart of Madeline, be hired by the vain trappings, or the specious pretences of the frivolous, immoral Joseph Cleveland? softly Josiah, answered she, half smiling at his haste to criminate a rival, I have seldom
known

known you severe ; but continued she, her face glowing with an artless and innocent affection, be persuaded, could the heart of Madeline deign one serious thought on that young man, it would be sunk far beneath your notice and esteem ; offer not then your own merit so poor a compliment, but rest satisfied in my first regard, and learn that the mind you could not teach a warmer sentiment, will never stoop to an inferior conquest. No Josiah ! the principles of one whom my heart cannot approve, will never have power to influence my feelings ; could any circumstance have soothed him after what had passed, it was her perfect disapprobation of Joseph Cleveland.

It will be remembered by the reader, that Madeline possessed the first place in the esteem of Mr. and Mrs. Primrose, they beheld her in a superior light to the rest of her sex ; her unaffected piety, her brilliant virtues, her gentle nature, and the indifference she ever professed for gaiety and splendor,
together

together with her contempt for dissipation, endeared her to their hearts; and when the anxiety of the father, and tenderness of the mother, for their darling Josiah, perceived that he struggled with secret depression, that his health declined, his spirits sunk, and despondency was undermining his constitution, with anxious solicitude they implored him to disclose his sorrow, assuring him he might depend on every indulgence to his wishes.

Glorying in his attachment, and proud of a discernment, that led him to love where his reason approved; without hesitation he confessed his passion for the virtuous Madeline. It was impossible for the parents to condemn their son (warm in youth, with all the generous passions glowing in his heart,) for loving an object, whom even the severity of principles and frigidity of age could not but approve; and when they considered her piety, virtue, gentleness, and preference of a life of retirement; they, or rather his father (for his mother was not bigotted) consented to his

wishes, on condition that Madeline possessed sufficient affection for Josiah, to throw aside the robes of vanity, and at least spare the severe strictures of their sect. Mr. Primrose also indulged a latent hope (so partial are we to our opinions) that when Madeline, upon a nearer acquaintance with the innocence and simplicity of their people, beheld their unoffending manners and integrity of conduct, might be induced to alter her own religious sentiments, and conform to their system of worship.

Such had been the conversation at the valley, the day Mrs. Primrose and her family were invited to the play, by the Miss Montgomerys. The hopes of Mr. Primrose, whose heart was full of his son's confession, sanguine in expectation, and anxious to convert his intended daughter-in-law, received a severe check, in the disapprobation she evinced on their refusing to accept the festive invitation; yet, notwithstanding his bigotry, struck with the justice, the solidity of her arguments, his usual preciseness gave way, his caution was
forgot,

forgot, and in a voice of impatience, he exclaimed, "what could tempt thee to renounce thy vanities?" had her reply been less decisive, or more consonant to his wishes, an eclairsissement most probably had then taken place; but as he had time to consider, bigotry resumed its empire, he coldly told his son, on returning from the Castle, that he had named the condition on which he had leave to take Madeline to wife.

Mrs. Primrose had never confined the idea of perfection to her own sect; observation, and a communication with others, discovered they had errors, and expanded her own mind; she possessed a larger share of penetration than her husband, and had long watched the gradual progress of her son's attachment, and though perfectly acquainted with the soft complacency of Madeline's nature, she also knew that she possessed a dignity and firmness, without which the female character would sink into insignificance. She loved Madeline, she adored her son, and informed him nothing on

earth could afford her such real comfort, as to behold him her husband; but to spare much future disappointment, not to hint that a change of sentiment would be expected, for that his father had thrown such a gloomy severity over their religion, that even as an acquaintance, she had shuddered. She advised him to address Madeline, gain her consent, (for the partiality of the mother magnifying every qualification, doubted not the success of her darling, particularly as she had always treated him with affection,) and remain silent as to the article of faith; if she chose to conform afterwards—well,—if not, he had not so contracted a soul, as to suppose practice of virtue was alone confined to their persuasion; on the contrary he beheld modest worth and unfeigned piety could reign even in the bosom of a daughter of high birth and fashion. Josiah was not a bigot, though he was partial to his own mode of worship; strict in his principles, he shuddered at the thought of dissimulation, and replied, he was convinced, nothing but her unbounded regard for his

happinefs could have induced her to offer fuch counsel to a heart, ftuggling with duty to a parent, and the moft ardent paffion; confefled his peace, perhaps exiftence, depended on an union with Madeline, but that if he could not obtain the bleffing by the efforts of honor, fincerity, and the quiet pleasures he was empowered to offer, he difdained the aid of any method he could not juftify to himfelf. "I may be unhappy concluded he, but will never deferve it; thofe principles of right I imbibed in the days of hope, I have refolution to praftife in thofe of adverfity and difappointment. I may encounter forrow but never yield to guilt;" almoft choaked with the variety of his emotions, he then embraced his mother, faying, in accents fcarcely audible, that he would feek an opportunity to difclofe his wifhes to Madeline.

The day he attended her home, his feelings were too powerful for expreffion, and no other offered until the day preceding the play, when the fweetnefs of her voice, the tender-

ness of her inquiry, and the amiable frankness of her manner, encouraged the disclosure; offended as she appeared, firm and resolute as had been her refusal, it conveyed a gleam of pleasure that she knew his sentiments. She had listened, had been affected, confessed the warmest esteem,—nay more, had rejected a gay fashionable rival, these considerations, if they afforded not hope, precluded also despair; and when they returned to the Castle to dinner, felt more composure than when he left it; not so the bosom of our heroine, strange as it may appear to our modern belles, who triumph in a lover's pain, and delight in conquest; the day she had rejected two, was the first in which she had ever tasted sorrow. She had denied the request of a beloved father; true, he did not urge her, but the proposal implied a wish, which she had disappointed, perhaps planted regret in his breast, injured him with his friend, the friend he loved before she had being.

The modest dear Josiah, she could no longer

ger treat with the artless affectionate freedom, she felt the hours of innocent confidence were past; she must now learn to restrain her feelings, assume an air of reserve, and give only cold approbation where she might delight to praise; yes, thought she, I must pursue another line of conduct, teach my tongue disguise, my usual freedom would encourage hope, and give expectation I could never answer; what! betray my faith! be ruled by those who cannot rule themselves! alas! Josiah, what deluding spirit moved thee to cherish such a mad idea. Yet I love thee, love thee with all a sister's fondness; ah unsuspecting Madeline, passion too oft misleads the heart of man, and hath destroyed the friendship of Josiah;" her feelings were indefinable, she loved him, yet her heart receded from the thought of marriage; she knew not, so placed it to the account of different religious opinions. The day passed at the Castle tolerably,—Josiah and Miriam left it early,—Madeline kissed her—her brother approached her with an embarrassed air, held out his hand, good night, sweet Madeline! good night,

night Mr. Primrose! returned she coolly; it had an unusual reserved sound; he sighed and withdrew. The young ladies had been early taught the art of good management, the Major's confined income enforced the practice; their mother, while amiably busy in domestic affairs, would tell them that the largest fortune was insufficient for the demands of extravagance, while a very moderate one, would answer for the necessaries, even elegancies of a well regulated household, and that much might be saved by a strict attention to the minutæ of expences; Ellen was careless, but Madeline always presided in the housekeeper's room, regulated the table, where œconomy, directed by taste, pleased the eye and gratified the palate. While they were arranging every thing for next day, Mrs. Montgomery enquired of her husband, who Mr. Herbert was? A gay young barrister, replied he, and one of the most prepossessing figures I ever beheld, his circumstances are easy, and he was invited by Lady Cleveland to Howard Place, in hopes he would marry Martha, who
is

is attached to him; but Cupid is inclined to give them a game at cross purposes, for he is fond of Fanny, and if he had a little more stability, and a little less vivacity, I could not wish your favorite a better husband.

The evening proving fine, Mrs. Montgomery proposed a walk on the lawn, where Fanny's soft voice was warbling the plaintive air of "Mary's Dream," when a loud ring at the gate made her stop, and in a few minutes Cleveland, Glanville and Herbert were before them. The Major introduced the two latter to his wife, and smiling, said, the pleasure of their company was earlier than he had hoped for; "faith replied Mr. Cleveland, Herbert and Martha had got into such a confounded wrangle, and Glanville in the pouts, that I was willing to induge my charity, particularly as it gratified myself, and introduce them where harmony ever dwells."

Their promenade continued, the eye of Glanville wandered in vain for the modest

Miriam, at length he inquired of Madeline, what she had done with her gentle friend? she is gone home, sir, home! will she not honor us with her presence to-morrow? on account of to-morrow she has left us; is she indeed so strict? said he feelingly; I don't know, replied Madeline, smiling, but what she would have given herself absolution for seeing our performance; but her father is severe and she is dutiful. You will have, cried Ellen, to pistol half the community,—bury the father,—transport the brother, and stupify the mother, before you even dare say the two simple words, “*I love.*” Prithee Captain Glanville be advised, and take a madcap like me. Ellen! Nay, Madeline, he would very near have as much to do with yourself, for you have imbibed a little of the puritan; Glanville, continued she, in the valley you may wear these looks, here you stand on higher ground, so brighten your features, I am going to propose a cotillion on the green; and away she flew to order a violin. What amiable vivacity! said he, she is very wild, you must not heed her rattle; alas!

Mifs

Miss Montgomery, her rattle tells me a serious truth, your friend has undone my peace. I regret, sir, said Madeline, if it depends on Miss Primrose, she has no power over herself: There was something in the turn of her words which pleased him, but being joined by the company the subject dropped.

No violin could be procured, the instruments were repairing for next night, so the party sat down to *vingt et une*,—Madeline was fortunate, and depositing ten shillings, displayed her green purse near full of half crowns, to present to the school girls next day; “you have surely, cried Fanny, observing them, been beat from a gold table, and driven to half crown hazard; I do not understand you my dear, what do you mean? ask Joseph, replied she, rather embarrassed, Joseph was too confused to reply, Fanny had spoke without thought, the gentlemen *would not* observe, the Major appeared to *reflect*, and the supper bell relieved their mutual confusion.

The evening passed with hilarity, until the heavy bell sounding through the dome, informed them morning approached, the three gentlemen accepting beds at the Castle, with mutual compliments they separated. Poor Madeline reclined her head on the pillow, still painful reflection intruded; she arose early, recommended herself to heaven, hailed the welcome morning and descending the stairs softly, exclaimed, "upon this sacred day, a frown was never seen on any brow within these walls, nor shall a cast of sorrow darken mine;" she entered the breakfast room, and had finished Thomson's beautiful description of conjugal happiness, and was comparing it to the life of her own amiable parents; when, much to her dissatisfaction, Mr. Cleveland appeared, politely wishing him good morning, she threw the book aside, he seated himself by her and had taken her hand, when Ellen, unobserved by him, entered at a door behind, and looking at her sister, with her finger on her lips, as a mandate of silence, sat quietly down; Madeline

line withdrew her hand, he retook it, "be not cruel lovely creature said he, the Major may not yet have told you that my life, my soul, my all, is devoted to—" Stop, sir, interrupted she, mildly, my father has informed me of the honor you intended him by your alliance, to him I must refer you for my answer; she would have retired, he still detained her, "adorable Madeline, accept my vows," falling on his knees, "that enchanting softness tells me my wish is not rejected." I must insist, sir, that you resume your seat; I have no claim to acknowledgements, nor would mislead you; I have declined the honor of your hand, and request the subject may never be repeated.

The dignity of her behaviour, the firmness of her voice, and above all, her unembarrassed manner, at the same time that it raised his admiration and added fuel to his flame, deprived him of every glimmering of hope; "am I then rejected," said he, his eyes flashing indignation, his lips quivering with rage,
" con-

“contemptuously rejected?” give not my declining your hand, answered Madeline calmly, so harsh a term as contemptuous rejection, I am obliged by your preference, but—“but what,” cried he, the storm of fury still increasing “for *what*—for *whom* am I rejected?” I know not, sir, what hath given you a right to inquire, replied she, unmoved; to tell you for *whom*, I have not yet considered myself, for *what* perhaps would little gratify either your pride or feelings. His frame shook with passion, and in broken accents, bursting from a malignant disappointed heart, said he, “d——d dissembling softness! be cursed the heart henceforth that trusts that fair betraying countenance: my pride! my feelings! yes, proud and ungrateful! but I’ll wring thine own—deep and concealed as is thy passion, I know for *whom* I am rejected; curse on the fawning hypocrite! the senseless lump of dull mortality; the low, the base Josiah Primrose.” Base! repeated Madeline, with a look he could not misunderstand, “Envy withers at another’s joy, and hates the
excel-

excellence it cannot reach," added Ellen, coming forward with Thomson in her hand; her presence was little heeded by Mr. Cleveland, he continued, "perish my soul, and blasted be my life, if I have not vengeance," and like a maniac darted from the room.

The sisters looked at each other in silence for a time, when the agitated Madeline, pressing the hand of Ellen, said, preserve me heaven! what a fate had mine been! the entrance of Glanville and Herbert prevented farther conversation. How wears the moon? said the latter gaily; first, I found Glanville paying his devoirs to a poor mutilated Venus among yon old ruins, then Cleveland passed me like a fury, with chattering teeth and flaming eyes, crying vengeance! I now find you ladies "like patience on a monument," where is Fanny? I wonder if the possession has reached her. Something more baleful than the moon's influence hath been here, but you rejoice me by saying it hath carried its malignity elsewhere, replied Ellen, who added, Fanny long since informed me
of

of Mr. Cleveland's presumptuous hopes ; I never hinted them to my sister, because I knew it would both humble and alarm her ; but suspecting his intention this morning, and dreading the effects of his violence, I arose early, thinking even my presence would be some support. It was indeed, my sweet sister, replied she kindly, now my only fear is for the innocent Josiah, to whom he attributes a rejection, which was owing to an inexplicable disgust, a contempt for his principles and a detestation of his vices ; I have condemned my aversion, for the son of my father's friend, but his conduct has now justified my unconquerable dislike ; but a happier subject will now interest us, behold my parents.

Breakfast was hardly over when the family from Howard Place arrived, they were proceeding to the rehearsal, when Miss Cleveland exclaimed, but where is Joseph, our Manley ? He left the Castle before breakfast, answered the Major ; we must select another,
from

from among your visitors to fill the character. I never thought it well applied, said Sir Joseph, Lady Grace had *better* select another guardian; without appearing to notice the emphasis he laid on the words, with inimitable sweetness she intreated he would be the Manley of the evening, saying with a smile, "had the arrangement fallen to my lot, I should have distinguished my own judgment and taste by a decided election of SIR Joseph Cleveland." Madeline had never given a word such force as the SIR. He took her hand very gallantly, saying, twenty years ago I could have thanked you in a better manner, but to-night I will be in Manley, what I must ever be, the admiring friend, and lover of Miss Montgomery's virtues. You are mighty indifferent, sir, interrupted Lady Cleveland, apparently offended and agitated, where is your son? Faith your Ladyship knows as much as I do, gone to Durham I suppose, (he was an officer in the militia, then encamped at Durham) no more was said, and the day was one continued scene of pleasure, hospitality

pitality and innocent freedom ; while propriety, taste and elegance, diffused their charms through the whole. Every heart belonging to the Castle beat with enlivened satisfaction, every eye beamed delight, the numerous guests declared, that though they had spent some days in more splendor, never one so pleasing, or conducted with such happy simplicity. The hospitality was not confined to the company, a plentiful dinner was provided also for the asylum and school, in the great hall, at an early hour, and the Major, his family and guests, walked round, and beheld the tear of gratitude swell in the eyes of the old and infirm, as they prayed for everlasting blessings on their noble benefactors ; the children, clean and neatly dressed, offered their duty in those artless accents, which evinced them sincere, and dictated by their own glowing hearts.

Madeline presented each a half crown, the Major and his lady gave *something* to the old pensioners, and the guests followed their example ;

ample ; so that the poor had no cause to regret the wedding day, nor the visit of those assembled to do it honor.

After the play a dance was performed by the children, which afforded much laughing to the company, and gladness to the little performers. The morning dawned before the guests thought of withdrawing, many accepted beds at the Castle, and the Major, with his beloved, retired to guiltless slumbers, and that serene happiness which the bosom of goodness ever feels.

CHAP. VII.

MATTERS went on with their usual regularity at the Castle, and nothing material happened but that Mrs. Montgomery caught a severe cold, which was attended with a fever. Glanville had become a constant visitor, almost a guest, and universal favorite; the Major found him a man of excellent morals, and having always lived in the busy world, an agreeable companion, his principles were established on honor and rectitude; and having received a military education, it more endeared him; a truly brave
foldier,

foldier, the Major would fay, cannot be an immoral man; reward is fo uncertain on earth, that the danger to which he is continually expofed, would foon fubdue a mind unfupported by virtue, while a confcioufnefs of right, and a hope of retribution hereafter, fustain it amongft furrounding perils; undaunted rafhnefs deferves not the name of bravery, true courage is cool, the confequence of virtue, it feels her influence and can fmile at danger. Mrs. Montgomery beheld in Glanville what ſhe would have wifhed in a fon; he was cheerful without levity, agreeable and fenfible without vanity or affectation; he frequently vifited at the Valley with the Major's family, and had liberality enough to pity the erring zeal of Mr. Primrofe; while he approved the goodnefs of his intentions, he regretted the vifible restraint laid on the more elevated mind of his wife. The unaffuming worth of the mild Jofiah he held in reverence, while he regarded him with the friendship of a brother; the gentle Miriam he eſtimated as the firſt of woman, he loved her with the moſt chaſtened

ed rapture ; her exalted virtues engaged his esteem, while her artless unadorned sweetness claimed his highest admiration ; his penetrating eye soon discovered, what the open nature of the amiable girl could not disguise, that he was dear to her heart, and necessary to her peace ; she would listen to his vows with the most innocent satisfaction, and modestly confess her own guiltless regard ; when recollecting, she would cry, almost in agony, “ alas, dear Glanville, we can never be happy,” while he wringing her hand at the thought, would fly her presence.

The Major’s family being engaged to dine at Howard Place, while Miriam was on a visit at the Castle, she accompanied them, and attended by Glanville, the three young ladies set out some time before the coach, on horseback. Fanny met them in the avenue, and drew Miss Primrose (who was a very nice florist) to look at some beautiful exotics, Mr. Herbert had presented, while the Miss Montgomerys proceeded to pay their compliments

to Lady Cleveland, promising to join them in a few minutes; her Ladyship and eldest daughter were seated alone, Captain Glanville was received with much hauteur, when turning to Madeline, her Ladyship said, with a degree of spite, "I give you joy Miss," joy, Madam! "aye, joy of your conquest, your intended, your modest Josiah, but prithee tell us, do you mean to let them impose their quaking dress upon you? though on recollection the prim plaiting will admirably suit the contour of your sober features." The features of that lady, interrupted Glanville may give grace, but can receive none from the most brilliant attire; without heeding his remark, she continued, "he will invest you with all his fortune of course, because as Lady Townley says, you know Ellen, she will never spend it," Madam! replied Ellen, with coldness, her Ladyship proceeded, "but when is the wedding to be? what ceremony have the Quakers?" your information, Lady Cleveland, answered Madeline, is so truly extraordinary, that I scarce know what reply I ought to
make,

make, unless to assure you, it is totally erroneous. "No, no, Miss you will never be able to enforce that belief," indeed, 'tis very possible, Madam, for I shall never attempt it; "now child you are sincere, but pardon me saying, I wonder how a girl of fashion, nay of taste, as you are thought, could refuse a fine fellow, and descend to such a low bred, inanimate lump of formality, who with pretended piety, and a few trite sentences, hath veiled his hypocrisy, and passed himself upon your credulous nature for a saint; I really regret his art triumphs, and that the spirit moveth thee to folly." Madam, replied Madeline, rising with graceful composure, the character of Josiah Primrose is as much above the reach of your malignity, as his virtues are superior to him, who would have frightened me into compliance with his wishes; the youth your Ladyship traduces is a stranger to art, he never knew disguise; disguise in him could only hide his goodness, or conceal some virtue; his worth will raise and bless the human kind, will be approved by heaven, and shine
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in future worlds, nor do I ever wish a higher triumph than the approving smile of the honest, generous Josiah; could I, Madam, but emulate his matchless worth, and he honor me with the offer of his hand, I would accept it; as I am, I sink beneath my own inferiority: courtesying rather haughtily, she was retiring, when her Ladyship, holding both her hands, cried, "my dearest girl, I ask ten million of pardons; attribute my warmth to the state your rejection has reduced poor Joseph, whom you know I love, and have considered as a son." Is not Mr. Cleveland your son? demanded Mr. Glanville with surprise; who is he? Who can tell, answered Ellen; all we know is, that Sir Joseph father's him; she Ellen! interrupted the generous Madeline, do not attribute a misfortune, of which he is blameless, as a crime; illegitimate birth cannot criminate the child, though it may reflect shame on the parents; in an amiable character it would be forgotten, or if remembered, only add a lustre to the worth of the person whose own innate goodness purchased a name,

no distinction of birth could bestow ; I confess when we find a man thus circumstanced, degrading human nature, by the practice of meanness and vice, he proclaims the dishonor that gave him being ; gives the illiberal a right to throw a deeper shade of guilt over his birth, and stamps with infamy the name he has received."

Lady Cleveland again apologized, and promised the subject should never be resumed, Madeline had the gentlest nature and the concession of the woman, who had so grossly insulted her, instantly subdued her resentment, she had vindicated her favorite, and had been equally severe with her Ladyship, and on the arrival of her parents all anger was forgotten.

To the satisfaction of most, Joseph was absent, yet the day past unpleasantly, Sir Joseph was gloomy and reserved, her Ladyship dull, Martha bursting with spite, Charlotte ill, and Fanny (for what cause unknown) the image of sorrow ; cards were introduced

after dinner, Madeline and the young friends preferred a ramble; the gentlemen were excluded, and the ladies set out. In vain Madeline entreated Fanny to let her share her uneasiness; "I am indeed miserable, she replied, the cause may be known soon enough, I will not distress my friends, nor forfeit their love for a little longer;" they had almost reached the boundary of Sir Joseph's ground, when Ellen, complaining of thirst, proposed asking a drink of milk in a half ruined cottage, which stood at some distance in the corner of a bleak common, they reached it, all was silent, "'tis uninhabited," cried Ellen, disappointed; nay, replied Miriam, for I see a young man, he appeareth unhappy; they advanced, what a scene presented! on an old table in the corner of the hut was a coffin, such as parish charity bestows on the unfortunate, the youth Miriam had seen leaned his arm on it, while the tears of bitterness fell on the face of a lifeless father it contained. On a miserable pallet reclined a poor woman, whose countenance exhibited sickness, anguish and want; she was support-

ed by the bosom of a young girl, the picture of innocence, who wiped the tears from her own cheeks, and the cold drops from the brow of her mother alternately; on the rugged earthen floor sat two tattered little beings, whose sex could hardly be distinguished by the ragged garments which covered them, eating a piece of hard bread and the root of a cabbage; as the ladies entered, the youth, without looking up, cried, "no, Mary, you shall never go again," the girl started at their appearance, but looked with pleased surprise when they approached the bed, and entreated to know what distress occasioned such a scene; that they had power and inclination to assist, if their sorrows were within the reach of human aid; "dear ladies, replied the poor woman, feebly, perhaps God has sent you to preserve my helpless children, our story is short, though very sad," no chair was to be seen, they seated themselves on the bed, and she began, "my dear husband, that lies there cold enough, was a hard working man, and gained what kept us all, but he fell sick; we could not pay
our

our rent, were turned out, and this hut has since covered us ; my son there, dear good lad, is a journeyman hair-dresser, and maintained us with his wages, at last the fever carried off my husband and laid me as you see; Mary sold her cloaths to get wine and physick for her father, and to keep her poor sisters from starving, but oh, dear! here she wept bitterly, oh dear, the worst is to be told, we could not bury my dear John, and my son, mad at the thought, enlisted to get money to pay the undertaker, and they will take him away to-night; in my son we shall lose all, and must starve; his master liked him because he was sober and honest, and gave him money to get his discharge, and he was to work it out; and that his Captain might not think it his own wish not to be a soldier, we sent poor Mary, when oh, lord! the bad ways of grand folks! he said, if she would come and live with him, make his bed, and help to unmake it, were his words, was it not Mary? he would discharge her brother, make him his servant, and give her twenty pounds every year of her

life; but if she would not, she might walk about her business, and her brother go for a soldier, he is to come or send to-morrow for her answer; Mary begged him to think and take the money, and not heed a poor girl like her, but he would have kissed her, and called her simpleton, to make matters worse; oh dear! in coming home from Durham in a return chaise, with another man, she was robbed of all the gold John's master had lent him, for his discharge, this is our story and a sad one it is I know."

By some impellent motion from the heart to the hand, the green silk purses were produced by the three ladies; Fanny was never rich but she gave her mite; as they emptied the contents of their purses on the poor sufferers bed, "something more must be done, said the weeping Madeline, these two little girls shall be received into Montgomery asylum, why did you never apply to the Major, or the Rector?" Ah, lady! replied the sick woman, we were not his tenants, we were Sir Joseph
Cleve-

Cleveland's, Fanny sighed; we must, continued Madeline, remove your Mary from the future snares of that bad man, who will undoubtedly plan her ruin; I am Major Montgomery's daughter, you will trust her home with me, (trust her! exclaimed the mother with apparent rapture,) and my father, added Madeline, to the young man, (who stood lost in wonder at the goodness he beheld) will interest himself for your discharge; who is your Captain? Captain Joseph Cleveland Madam: gracious God! exclaimed the four ladies in the same moment, but took no farther notice. The son was instantly dispatched to procure a nurse, and nourishing cordials for his mother, and ordering him to attend at the Castle next morning, assured the poor woman he should bring her comfort early in the evening.

They then departed with the young and comparatively happy Mary, Miriam promising to retain her as a personal attendant, they agreed to say nothing at Howard Place of
H 4 their

their adventure, but to deliver Mary to the care of the housekeeper until their departure, they entered the house by back gates, and intreated Mrs. James to do them the kindness, to allow the girl to sit in her parlour, and let her be seen by none in the family; she promised and they adjourned to the drawing room. You have made us uneasy, my dear children, cried Mrs. Montgomery on their appearance, Oh! replied Ellen whose heart was full, and never much addicted to taciturnity, we have had such an adventure! and have to crave mercy from my father and you for the consequences;—consequences! my love, interrupted the mother, rather alarmed; “nay, be calm I pray thee my mother, cried Miriam, the consequences are, that our green purses are empty, two infants saved from perishing by admission into thine asylum, a virtuous young woman preserved from the arts of a betrayer, and a youth enabled again to support a widowed mother; thee shouldst not have known this our adventure until arrived at the Castle, but for the tongue of Ellen, which verily runeth

too quick;" my generous, charming children! cried the benevolent Mrs. Montgomery, taking Fanny's hand, who was seated next her; no more compliments interrupted Lady Cleveland, but give us the whole tale, now we have heard so much; it is very simple, said Madeline, and very sad, added Miriam, and will not please thee; then pray let us have it from Miss Ellen, she will tincture it with her vivacity; Ellen then related the adventure, and when finished, whispered her mother, the girl was in the house, adding aloud, "I have nought extenuated, nor set down ought in malice."—A Captain! cried the Major, a villain! a matchless one I hope, added Glanville. A bad man indeed, said Herbert to take advantage of distress like poor Mary's; well, after all, interrupted Miss Cleveland, if the man likes the wench, and she likes him, I see nothing so shocking in the matter, every man of fashion keeps a mistress, and so long as they confine themselves to humble beings, need not be condemned; the girls must be infinitely happier, kept in splendor by a gentleman,

tleman, than be the household drudge, the slave of a low born clown; spoken in character, cried Ellen; Lady Cleveland inquired who this naughty man, this gay Captain, was, what is his name? "I must be excused, said Madeline; communicative Ellen, "I shall profit by your reproof Madam, and be silent; Miriam, thee wilt tell; thee hast heard enough, friend Cleveland, ask no more; she turned with indignation to the depressed Fanny, I insist upon your obedience: Madam! said the trembling girl: Madam! reiterated she with increased fury; Madam, disclose the name all so anxiously conceal,—the name, or quit my presence; Fanny raised her eyes, as if to look what effect her answer would produce on the expecting company, and replied, JOSEPH CLEVELAND; inexpressible was her Ladyship's confusion, she had been his confidante in his designs on Madeline, and abandoned as she well know his principles were, she could hardly believe, that in the height of a violent passion for our heroine, that he would be scheming out other intrigues, and by keep-
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ing her a stranger to the transaction, leave her perfectly unguarded against an exposure, which the wandering charity of her guests, perpetually subjected him to. She knew not that the intrigue was but three days old, and that the Captain had no opportunity to acquaint her with it, therefore was offended.

The company expressed no astonishment, most indeed had given the Captain a name, before poor Fanny was obliged to disclose it. " 'Tis false, said her Ladyship, *Joseph Cleveland!* The room door opened, and he appeared, he had arrived during their walk, and had gone to the stables to give some orders to his grooms; " you are come in proper time, cried her Ladyship, Captain Cleveland, to vindicate your character from an imputation, which has subjected you to the name of villain; she then repeated the story and the comments made on it; when with a composure, innocence itself could hardly assume under such an imputation, coolly replied, he would probably find a time to wipe villain,

from the name of Cleveland; as for the moving little tale fabricated by the ladies, he was too gallant to contradict the ruby lips which related it. "Have you not a recruit named John Summers?" asked Ellen. I have, and a very worthless fellow I am told he is; would worthlessness support a family? you are deceived indeed Miss Ellen, there is no family but himself, his father is lately dead, the mother gone I know not where; "there friend, cried Miriam, I must testify against thee; the youth's sister, whom thee wouldst injure, tarrieth within these thy gates, verily the damsel can confute thee." If you can produce such a damsel, Miss Primrose, replied the Captain, that would be indeed a damning proof; but this is rather too much, by her testimony let me be acquitted or condemned. Ellen flew to the bell, Mrs. James was summoned, have the goodness, said Madeline, to bring the young woman here; which young woman Miss? I know but one Mrs. James that we intrusted to your care, we left her in your apartment; the housekeeper
looked

looked round with a vacant stare ; “ I protest I’m in a maze, lord love you Miss, I saw no young woman, not even your own self till now ; insolent ! interrupted Ellen with anger, deliver up the girl ; “ well now, cried Mrs. James, was ever the like of this, why you are surely, Madam, acting your play, but la ! I can’t answer you ; “ woman, said Miriam, with solemnity, I charge thee, as thee must answer and expect a pardon at the hour of death, to speak the truth ; did not the daughter of thy friend Cleveland, these two, and I, deliver a damsel to thy care this night ? be-think thee woman, and as thee or me speak truth, so God deal with us ! the wretch appeared struck, but instantly recovering, replied, with matchless effrontery, she wondered ladies like them, could put upon a poor servant, and hurt her with so good a Lady, left the room.

The Captain meaning to display a greatness of mind, and give a hint of his intentions, smiled and said, he could pardon a little female invention,

vention, he never knew a woman without; but at a convenient moment he must entreat Sir Joseph to let him know, who was so hardy as to make it the foundation whereon to build villain, and attach it to a name that would wash it out with blood; he deserves the appellation that can hint the threat before a woman, interrupted his father; sir, added the Major, I am one who attached villain to the name of a man who could act in the manner these ladies were informed you had, if you have not; *if* said he, fiercely, yes, sir, proceeded the Major, if you have been THAT man, you are not insulted, the perpetrator of such infamy alone received the name of villain, therefore you can have no right to resent it; but if your own heart tells you, you are at all concerned, why certainly you are at liberty to vindicate it, in the best manner you can; the Captain vouchsafed to allow, his friend had placed the matter in a proper position, he would search it to the bottom, and his forbearance should prove his innocence.

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The consternation of Madeline and her companions of the adventure, could only be equalled by their boding fears for the helpless Mary; they doubted not her being ensnared into Mr. Cleveland's power, and execrated the villainy of Mrs. James; their own momentary confusion cost them not a thought, the opinion of those they valued was too secure to be staggered by appearances, and they consoled themselves with the idea of aiding the rest of the family, and trusted to heaven to protect the betrayed girl; previous to this fracas, Sir Joseph and family had accepted an invitation to dine at the Castle next day, and partake a rural fete, the Major commonly gave the end of hay harvest; Glanville was but an unwelcome guest at Howard Place, and accompanied the friends he respected home, during their ride, poor Mary was the topic of conversation, the Castle gates were hardly unclosed, when Martha appeared with a world of consequence in her good natured face, crying Madam, Ladies, Sir, Gentlemen, walk into my parlour,

lour, I have a present for you, forgetting her rheumatism she ran and opened the room door. Ye who ever felt the start of unexpected pleasure, judge the feelings of the three young ladies, when they beheld, seated by a table, Mary Summers! Oh! she is safe exclaimed Madeline; 'tis magic! cried Ellen; no, 'tis Providence added Miriam; what agent of his mercy placed thee here, young friend? before she replies, walk back with me courteous reader, to the stables of Sir Joseph Cleveland; we often find in life that the very means we take to effect the accomplishment of our wishes, in some manner unaccountable to our finite comprehensions, only remove them farther from our reach, let it then be considered as an undeniable proof of an overruling Providence; who to shew us the little dependance we ought to place in the wisest and best concerted schemes, without the direction of infinite wisdom, suffers them to fail, and by ordering his own ministers to execute his pleasure, evinces the insufficiency of our
our

our nicest care and invention, and displays the superiority of Almighty power.

To prevent poor Mary from being seen, the ladies entered the house by the back gates, and by that very circumstance exposed her to the danger they were so anxious to avoid; the stables fronted the housekeeper's apartments, and from them Captain Cleveland beheld their entrance, and his curiosity was excited to know the reason; allowing them time to reach the drawing room, he was advancing to Mrs. James's when thro' a glass door he perceived Mary Summers, her appearance unveiled the whole; and great as was his astonishment, he suffered it not to deprive him of sufficient presence of mind to extricate himself: He hastily retired from the door, and ordered Mrs. James to attend him; this good woman had been very accommodating on several occasions to her young master; if any of the female servants happened to grow too corpulent, or seized with sudden illness, to be sure they merited pity, and were suffered to visit
their

their friends until recovered; in recompense for this good nature, Mr. Cleveland had ready a never failing reward; and no sooner had she repeated all she knew respecting this girl, which consisted in her being placed in her care for a few hours, and not allowing her to be seen, than taking both her hands he exclaimed, thou convenient devil, she must be resigned to me instantly, at the same time slipping five guineas into her hand,—why I does love to oblige you, but what sir, can I say to the ladies? D—n the ladies, that shall be settled hereafter, prithee haste now, tell her a man waits to carry her to Montgomery Castle, fly and command what you will, he then ordered a groom, also very necessary at times, to mount a horse with a young she devil, and to take a post chaise to Durham, at the first town they came to, and confine her till he arrived, he was also desired to send some confidential associate to the family on the common, and transport them to the same place, but to be kept separate from the girl; giving him his fee, he whispered, be secret,
and

and beheld them ride off. While he rejoiced in his supposed security, and in the confusion and disappointment of her preservers, and anticipated his savage triumph over the murdered virtue of the unsuspecting girl; returning to the housekeeper he ordered her to deny the whole, to swear she never saw nor heard of a girl, and to wonder what they meant. A few more pieces as a salvo for her conscience confirmed her, and induced her to act in the manner already related; mean while the grateful Mary was proceeding on her way, and promising herself a world of happiness in her change of situation, and ardently praying she might be enabled to give satisfaction to her benefactors, and evince her gratitude; her guide had rode at the full gallop, until they arrived at a hill a little way from the Castle; Mary had been so engaged with her own pleasing ideas, that she had not uttered a word; but finding they ascended the hill slowly, she requested her guide to help her off with a heavy cloak, which Mrs. James had wrapped round her (as she said) to conceal her. I wish

with uttered she, we were at the Castle; zounds! cried the man, who have we here? terrified at the violent exclamation, with much simplicity, she replied, "I am Mary Summers, and are not you my uncle?" the bridle dropped from his nerveless hand, the horse was stopped, and Mary and her guide came to the ground; as it was turf they received no harm from a fall, caused entirely by the sudden shock, the voice of Mary had given to her uncle's faculties.

There we will allow them to rest while we introduce William Summers; he was brother to the deceased father of his charge, and for many years had been under groom in Sir Joseph's stables, the Captain had often employed him in low business, being of a shrewd turn, poor and ignorant he could not resist the temptation of money, tho' he by no means had a corrupt heart; seldom extending his walks beyond the village or adjoining alehouse, and never seeing his brother but at Christmas, he was totally unacquainted with his having left

left the farm, his death, or the distress of his family, else, poor as he was, he would have yielded some assistance. Mary had always been a favorite, and on his annual visit, she used to present him stockings of her own knitting and put his linen in order; he knew, when he accepted the care of Mary, she was designed to fall a victim to the base passion of his unprincipled employer, and nature having given him some feelings, he wished them not awakened by the artless tongue of his sacrifice, but remained silent, he had even felt remorse for his share in the guilt, but it was lost in the glare of gold; had offended heaven in thunder warned him from the ways of hell, not to lead an innocent to ruin, it had not struck his guilty soul with half the horror as did the voice of the devoted Mary.

The heinousness of his offence, the magnitude of his crime, for a moment, deprived him of every faculty, and when he recovered his speech, raising her from the ground he cried, "aye, Mary! I'll tak ye now to the Castle;"

Castle ;” during the evening she related their distress, and he had just withdrawn to the servants-hall when the family arrived.

Mary had scarce time to reply to Miriam’s question, when her uncle appeared, and as the best conviction he could offer, of the sincerity of his repentance, and intended reformation of life, made a full confession, not only of the part he had engaged to act by his niece, but of the various villainous snares he had been accessary to, in promoting the intrigues of the dissolute Cleveland; he concluded with stamping on the bribing gold, and beseeching the Major to employ him, which being promised, with his niece he retired. Merciful God! cried the Major, to what a villain would I have devoted my child! dearest sir, replied Madeline, though I lament the depravity of your friend’s son, I feel satisfied that the horror he excited was not caprice in me, but an instinctive motion from heaven, which is now justified, and teaches me to rejoice in my happy escape from such villainy.

ness.—Oh! interrupted Ellen, how we shall exult in his confusion to-morrow! no, my child, returned her father, ours is the triumph of benevolence, let us not then obscure its brightness to gratify a poor resentment; his own disappointment will inform him his plots are discovered; let reflection be his punishment. Though the Major felt his honor offended, in his daughter's veracity being under a cloud, he wished to spare the feelings of a father in his beloved friend, and to discourage a spirit of resentment, which was too apparent in Ellen when she had been offended; she reluctantly complied, on receiving a promised leave to disclose the whole, *if* the Captain resumed the subject; this the Major thought insured silence, for it could not be supposed but that a consciousness of guilt would seal his lips? even the mild forbearing Miriam was moved on the prohibition, to exclaim, "thee art so good friend! yet verily I think Ellen will be gratified, for the perverse heart of Joseph Cleveland will glory in the fancied security of his plot; for
thee

thee knowest "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." The subject was then banished from the happy abode.

When the Major's family departed from Howard Place, Lady Cleveland and Joseph exchanging confidence, he informed her of his intrigue and contrivance, when instead of receiving reproof, she applauded his subtilty, and vowed he was a perfect Machiavel; her Ladship related, how warmly Madeline had supported the cause of Josiah, giving it as her opinion that she would marry him, deceive the old folks into a belief of her conversion to their tenets, and on the old man's death throw aside the mask, and blaze with redoubled splendor for the temporary eclipse.

The empoisoned worm of jealousy already gnawed the malignant heart of Joseph; envy, disappointed passion, and relentless hatred, turned his conscience to a hell, the betraying spirit of darkness took possession of his breast, and brought to his view the guiltless

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less pair enjoying all the bliss of wedded life, in wealth and elegance, he beheld their vast domains, heard them blessed by every tongue; while insulting memory recalled to his "mind's eye" cards, dice, women and race-horses, with all the devastation they occasion; and he beheld himself scorned, despised and rejected by all, wandering a mendicant through the pitiless world. As the great enemy of human kind, after reviewing the blissful pair in Eden, returned to his drear dominions meditating their destruction, so this kindred fiend retired, projecting infernal designs against the innocent Madeline; he meant if possible to taint the mind of Josiah with suspicion of her truth, and if he failed, imprecated curses on himself, if he did not take vengeance and prevent their union.

Mr. Primrose's family consented to partake the simple entertainment at the Castle, and arriving before the other guests were informed of Mary's story, promised her every indulgence, and shuddered at the guilt

of Mr. Cleveland. The young recruit arrived early, and fell on his knees before the preservers of his sister; his mother worn out with sickness and want, when the ladies entered was nearly exhausted, the tide of joy was too strong for the attenuated thread of life, a blessing lingered on her closing lips for the goodness of her benefactors, and during the night she expired in the arms of her son.

The orphan girls were placed in the asylum, the brother discharged, and the commanding officer, struck with such singular goodness as selling his liberty to procure decent burial for his parent, received him into his own service as valet; he was detained at the Castle a few days, to comfort his sisters and compose his own filial feelings; while they mourned their parents, they yet blessed a gracious providence, that had so wonderfully raised them friends in their hours of need.

During the rural fete at the Castle, the school girls in new green gowns enjoyed a
pleasing

pleasing triumph, in attending their benefactors at table, which was placed in a beautiful meadow, under a canopy raised for the occasion, the tenants and young villagers were dancing gaily, to the enlivening sounds of the pipe and tabor, while mirth and good humour presided at the board, and every bosom beat with the pleasure of the hour, save the self-tormented heart of Joseph Cleveland, who turning to Ellen exclaimed with (what he wished to appear) a look of easy negligence, "well, Miss Ellen! any cottage adventures to-day? any more distressed damsels, rescued by female errantry? I always allowed you a fertility of imagination, but that of yesterday surpassed all; you was the narrator, who pray was the chief inventor?" You are perfectly obliging Captain Cleveland replied she, wishing to assume an air of consciousness, we had hoped you were sufficiently complimented, and amply enjoyed your triumph yesterday, *then* we only invented, *to-day* we have improved and finished a few *mechanical* figures, which if permitted by my father and

mother we will produce, when I flatter myself, even *you* will allow that our execution much exceeds our invention; thus challenged, cried her father, you are at liberty Ellen; her eyes sparkled, and Jarvis just entering with wine, she turned to him, and requested he would assist Mrs. Martha to bring the three figures in her charge, adding with much gravity, "be careful, they are newly finished and may be injured;" the fair mechanics sat with perfect ease, Mr. and Mrs. Primrose moved not a feature, the Major and his lady were visibly agitated, her Ladyship smiled, yet knew-not why, Sir Joseph was confused though ignorant of his son's baseness, and cried what the devil ails us all? Glanville and Josiah in serious debate were yet so absent, that though the one lost considerably on one side of the argument, nothing was gained on the other: Fanny was straining her eyes to catch the first glance of she knew not what, while Herbert, the volatile Herbert, by some strange propensity, could with difficulty suppress a burst of laughter, until he threw his eye on
Joseph

Joseph Cleveland, when his risibility yielded to the innate goodness of his heart, and converted every feeling into pity; guilt in its securest state has a thousand fears, Captain Cleveland's look expressed a something, between the dread of detection, and the hope of security; he tried to smile, it turned into a convulsed motion, and left a horror on his features; he would have spoke, but the sound of feet prevented, when in a minute Martha and Jarvis appeared, introducing the groom, Mary, and the young recruit. The pen of Shakespear, the pencil of Hogarth might convey an idea of the scene, my powers fail; a profound silence was interrupted by her Ladyship asking, with disdain, who the wench and fellows were, stop there cried Sir Joseph, such perfect mechanics have not forgot to give them tongues, if you have lost your credit for invention ladies, still your execution is indeed compleat, faith Captain, addressing his son, you have either carried this jest too far, or not far enough."

Sir Joseph Cleveland was a libertine from
I 3 nature,

nature, and his Lady's conduct had not tended to reform him, he would laugh at seduction, but scorned a lie; "what I dare do," he would say, "I dare justify," or what amounted in his idea to justification, he would draw a trigger with any man who presumed to impeach his honor; his son never had therefore appeared in his eyes so contemptible. Jarvis and his party were ordered to retire, and the Major feeling for the confusion of the culprit, with a firm yet compassionating voice, told him, that he frankly forgave the indignity he had offered his daughters, by rendering their truth suspected; "profit then young man, added he, taking his hand, son of my friend, profit by your present confusion, let this circumstance teach you, that though guilt, dishonor or treachery may triumph for a time, impending shame and merited contempt will fall when least expected: had not success lulled you into fancied security, and induced you to glory in your crime, you had escaped this exposure; but recover yourself,
and

and be persuaded, you may turn it to your advantage; let it awaken your reflection, and correct a heart corrupted and buried in the vortex of dissipation; be advised my young friend, and take truth for your guide, you will ever find it answer all the purposes of a man of honor, fear not the present company, they will rejoice to behold the triumph of virtue over passion,—prepare to receive your friendship, and welcome your return from the paths of error.” Lost, unheard was the Major’s address by the culprit, motionless he remained, while rage, shame, pride and revenge were strongly depicted in his pale face, and distorted every feature; his heart was torn with all the distracting passions, which wring a vindictive nature, when detected in its guilt, and disappointed of its hopes, he was plunged in temporary frenzy, and deprived of utterance, but when reason for a moment burst upon his soul; his disgrace, crimes, and humbled condition,—humbled by detected guilt flashed on his mind, and overwhelming him with horror, he started from his seat, clenched his hands,

and with a voice choaking with rage, cried, "infernal furies give me but revenge! and sink me deeper down your gulph of hell," fled from their presence with amazing celerity. Lady Cleveland declared the whole affair was incomprehensible, adding, with a taunting air, the Miss Montgomerys had very early commenced the champions of virtue, wished sincerely they might derive honor from their guardianship, but that we frequently found, in our anxiety to promote the welfare of others we neglected our own; the inference was too contemptible to merit a reply, and the entrance of the good Alworthy gave a happy relief to the party. Sir Joseph appeared visibly distressed, and perfectly absent to surrounding objects, but as if recovering from inward debate, exclaimed, "every thing considered, perhaps it little matters;" the guests soon departed, harmony was broke, and uneasy reflection spread a gloom through the whole.

Though our friends at the Castle found in
their

their domestic circle, that approbation a rectitude of conduct will ever afford, though alas ! not insure the contentment it so amply deserves ; the worthy Major appeared dispirited, his charming wife was indisposed, and consequently heaviness hung on every heart. In a very few days, a card was delivered to Mrs. Montgomery, with “ Lady Cleveland’s kind regards, entreats her company for a few hours, also desires Mr. Herbert and Fanny may attend, is rather surpris’d they did not return last night, as Lady Cleveland laid her commands on Frances.”

My poor favorite has eloped at last ! exclaimed Mrs. Montgomery throwing down the card ; the Major was affected, Madeline wept though she could express no surpris’e, Ellen rejoic’d that she had released herself from the tyranny of such a mother and sister, declaring Herbert was an agreeable fellow ; and has as worthy a heart as ever beat, added Glanville, though I fear too flighty and volatile to be domestic ; I fear your gentle friend

will be mistaken, and find him too much attached to fashionable follies, to receive that pleasure, from domestic retirement, so necessary to conjugal felicity; but he is young and loves Fanny, and if any thing can give his mind the proper bias, it will be the sweetness of temper and amiableness of manners, which have ever distinguished his fair bride."

I would gladly be excused my visit, said Mrs. Montgomery, but at such a time it would be deemed unkind; dear Mr. Glanville accompany me. "I protest, interrupted Ellen, I wish you would allow me to attend you, I should so enjoy the mortification of Miss, and fury of Madam;" Ellen, replied her mother, I am displeas'd that you indulge such an unamiable propensity to resentment, to which I hoped your education would have made you superior. "My dearest Madam excuse me, if a worm suffered I would feel, and in the words of Lord Townly, "an error renounced is instantly forgiven," but have you not taught us, that an indiscriminating pardon to unrepented

pented guilt, is not mercy, but weakness? and has Martha Cleveland ever felt the faintest remorse, for her persevering ill nature to a deserving sister? or has Lady Cleveland ever been a mother to the only one who ever merited her tenderness?" Another time, my Ellen, I will endeavour to teach you, that however you ought to discriminate, an amiable nature will never descend to recriminate. Attended by Captain Glanville she then drove for Howard Place.

[CHAP. VIII.]

MRS. Montgomery found her Ladyship in violent agitation, and Miss with her cheeks and eyes swelled with weeping, "good morning, Mrs. Montgomery, cried Lady Cleveland with quickness, where is that bad girl, your favorite? ah I thought indulgence would be her ruin, but I will confine her from the light of day, punish her till she hates existence; read there what my darling dutiful Martha found in the summer-house, and vindicate the viper if you can, for supplanting a sister:" she then threw an unfolded paper

paper on the table, containing the following words.

“ I acquiesce, too dear Herbert ! the unrelenting severity of my mother, and the unkindness of my sister, added to my own weakness, and affectionate regard for you, devote me to your wishes without a parent’s leave. Oh ! let the future vindicate that *unbounded* confidence reposed in your honor ; let your tenderness justify my love, while your merit secures me from repentance. I shall go to Montgomery Castle to-morrow, at the destined spot *you may meet me*, heaven forgive my error ! you must pity it, for I have yielded my reason to your persuasion, yet, yet respect the bankrupt you have made, I have no plea to offer, but a heart that beats but to oblige you. Adieu regarded Herbert,

Yours,

FRANCES.

Perceiving Mrs. Montgomery lay the paper in silence on the table, Lady Cleveland

land cried "where is the wretch?" be calm Madam, I have not seen her since you dined at the Castle; as we dissent so widely in sentiment, and differ in our mode of treating youth, you will not be surpris'd that I think your own severity, has precipitated your child to the imprudent step she has taken; but as I have been informed, the gentleman was encouraged to hope for the hand of one sister, he has offered no disrespect to the family, by his own happiness having directed him to prefer the other; Miss Cleveland I have no doubt will plead in their favor, and a few days will I hope restore them to the happiness of your maternal embrace, "to err is human," my dear Madam, "to forgive, divine." "I had a faint hope, replied her Ladyship, foaming with rage, that the disgraced wretch was at your Castle, but since she has eloped with that dissembling villain, who under pretence of addressing *my* child, secured a welcome in my family to carry her off; I pray, continued the unnatural mother, that the heaviest vengeance of heaven may follow her, may she know

know only misery on earth, and the rigor of a mother's bitterest curse attend her here, and—" Oh! stop, relentless woman! cried Mrs. Montgomery, who had been struck speechless by her imprecations; "stay thy vengeance, thy bitter tongue, and oh! may heaven deny thy prayer! and in averting the unnatural malediction, spare thine own bosom remorse in a dying hour. "Stop me not thou encourager, thou abettor of her guilt! may God refuse me mercy when I most shall need it, if I deny it not to her; if creeping, dying at my feet, if fainting for want, I would not refuse a morsel to sooth her latest gasp." "When you desired my presence here Madam, replied Mrs. Montgomery, had you confined your insult to your mean suspicions, I had pardoned it, but when you forget the mother, the friend, nay the woman, and shock my ears with sounds, that only would become the lips of demons, I will spare myself the repetition of your fury, and take a lasting leave, I came to offer comfort, but shall return perfectly satisfied that your violence

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lence will support you, and render my interposition unnecessary. Miss Cleveland, present my remembrance to Sir Joseph and your sister, I cannot expect the favor of your company in future, yet accept the assurance of my best wishes; rising with composure she then retired, attended by Glanville, who in bowing profoundly, said, "Ladies! farewell! for ever!" in their return he regretted the shock her delicate mind had received from his termagant relation. "Dear Mr. Glanville replied she, cease to apologize; I feel for my lovely Fanny, but her mother's depravity affects me not, I never loved her, my heart always refused her its suffrage, her conduct never had my approbation, and to-day having discovered her long concealed malignity, she excites my abhorrence; the woman who could so far forget the mother and the christian, as to imprecate such curses on a daughter, driven to her fate, is only a companion fit for the inhabitants of those regions, where such fury has its full scope for ever. Poor Frances! ah, continued she, could these arms receive,

receive thee, recompense thee for a mother's loss; but I fear she will avoid me; sweet girl, may Herbert be sensible of the treasure he possesses! and make her as happy as she merits! and her confidence in him prove well placed, and never forgotten!" Glanville aspirated the same prayers.

By the time they reached the Castle, Mrs. Montgomery was tolerably composed, but gave a very slight account of the fracas, adding she could not much regret if the intercourse with the family drew near a conclusion, as it had been painful of late, and disturbed their tranquillity. It has indeed, replied the Major; did you see Sir Joseph? No, nor even heard of him; her husband sighed, which she interpreting as regret for what had happened, taking him fondly by the hand, declared, that rather than interrupt his long friendship with the baronet she would preserve an appearance of civility with the family, for indeed, added she, "he possesses many good traits, though too much under the dominion of his passions; had

had he been united to a woman with prudence, and a tender attachment to his happiness and interest, by giving him a cheerful respectable home, and the endearing pleasures of domestic life, enlivened by those elegancies his fortune could afford, she might have gradually led him from folly; then he had proved the kind husband, affectionate father, good friend and worthy man; the seeds of virtue, we experienced, were implanted in his nature, and only required a gentle fostering hand to bring them to perfection; but unfortunately his extravagance made it necessary, to grasp at the money without considering the woman, and behold the fatal effects, himself unhappy and unregarded, his family wretched and unrespected, no benevolent act marks the expenditure of his wealth, and the retrospect is embittered by their once immense possessions being squandered amongst those, who will be the first to reproach his folly, and reprobate his extravagance; poor Sir Joseph! he deserved a better fate, than being the victim of a violent imperious woman, who knowing no guide
but

but her own passions, encourages the destructive pleasures to which he is addicted, and hastens the ruin that impends;" ruin! my dear, interrupted the Major warmly, ruin! surely you go too far, his fortune is still immense, "I know not its extent my love, but what can support deep gambling in the son, and very hazardous speculation in the father;" and I fear added Glanville, his speculations are unsuccessful—Speculate! repeated the Major, speculate! Sir Joseph Cleveland speculate, I hope not, he is purchasing lands; "mortgaging you mean, said Mrs. Montgomery, not observing his alarm; "to shine a little longer, her Ladyship resigned her settlement, totally careless of her children, though she firmly refuses her own jointer;" this information which she received from Fanny, the Major heard not; he had retired, with a disquietude remarked by Glanville, though unnoticed by his wife, Glanville threw his eyes upon her and essayed to speak, his mind was full, but the words sinking in a sigh, the silence remained unbroken.

Miriam

Miriam and Josiah joined them at dinner, peace diffused her balmy influence, and all was apparent tranquillity, I say apparent, because the Major's breast confined a secret, which he struggled hard to repose in the bosom of his wife. At the desert, the fugitive Fanny furnished conversation, "sweet girl! exclaimed Madeline, with affectionate warmth, which of us dare say, in her circumstances, we should not have yielded to the same temptation? surely the sensible and generous, if they cannot approve, will yet excuse her," and the spirited applaud her cried Ellen, may she be ever happy! and never feel the regret of a moment! added Miriam feelingly; indeed she deserves felicity, said Glanville, I hope her father will be just, and not be biased by her mother; he will be just I doubt not, rejoined the Major, and resign her portion to Herbert. Every tongue was mute, every eye cast down; what amiable sensibility she possessed, said Josiah, "sensibility, replied Mrs. Montgomery, looking at Miriam seated opposite, in a well regulated mind, is indeed an amiable

trait

trait in the female character, but if allowed unlimited indulgence it degenerates to passion, under the influence of passion we stray from duty, and imperceptibly sink to guilt, guilt leads to ruin, and devotes us to destruction." Amiable as it is, replied Miriam, thee hast reduced it to a crime; "No, my child, under proper restrictions, it humanizes our nature;" proper restrictions! repeated she, colouring consciously, proper restrictions! alas who can say, "so far shalt thee lead me, and no farther;" upon the whole, interrupted Glanville, Fanny must be approved; I know not that, returned Miriam, quickly, and we must profit by her experience; the lover appeared disconcerted, and a visit to the asylum being proposed they arose from table. Madeline beheld with pleasure her favorite Josiah recovering his serenity, his eyes expressed the softest languor, his lips the accents of the kindest friend; his delicate observance of her desire, his unassuming passion and silent tenderness, while it raised her admiration and esteem, she wondered at her own aversion to

become the wife of one, whom her reason approved as a man, and her heart loved as a brother. I must be incapable of a warmer sentiment she would say, what I do feel, be then confessed, exempt as I am from those painful sensations which often mislead the understanding, accept, my Josiah, all my heart can give, a perfect confidence, and chaste esteem;" her returning sweetness, her unre-served freedom and kind manner, effected that composure in her admiring friend, which she so much rejoiced to perceive.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

A Few days after Fanny's elopement, Captain Glanville paid a visit to Howard Place to remove some things; her Ladyship was cold and distant, Miss Cleveland haughty, Charlotte as usual indisposed, but perfectly complaisant; Sir Joseph's travelling carriage waited to convey him to London on very momentous concerns; he informed Glanville he had a letter from Fanny, signed Herbert, and that they were at a little village a few miles from town; will you not see her? asked Glanville, her gentle nature will ill support the dis-

displeasure of her father, mother she never knew, but by the rigid manner in which she was treated; pardon her, dear Sir Joseph, severity more than an erring disposition, induced her to forsake her duty and her home, a home rendered insupportable; " 'tis unpleasant enough by G—d," replied the Baronet; " as to pardon she has it, and if a blessing, unattended by more substantial goods, will be acceptable she shall have that also." You will not withhold her fortune, Sir Joseph? his eyes wandered, his voice faltered, " avoid the theme he cried, the hour is past, the day of grace is closed, and retribution comes with vengeance on a devoted wretch: Oh! striking his head, oh could I fall alone! but virtue, worth, and unsuspecting friendship, sink, and drive me deeper down the precipice of guilt, while torturing conscience whirls me to despair." A generous pity swelled the eye of Glanville, stay Sir Joseph he cried let me attend you,—listen to reason—let a friend advise—assist you, exert yourself,—you are a man,—" and a bad one Glanville, interrupted he, but no more,
on

on my return I shall be at your disposal, you shall guide and help me to arrange my affairs, which are rather embarrassed, but they may be better than I hope; 'till you see me again adieu! Saying these words rather more calmly, he threw himself into his carriage, and Glanville returned to the Castle.

Shocked, surprised and buried in dreadful expectation of coming evils, he mentioned nothing, but that Sir Joseph had received a letter from Mrs. Herbert, his journey to town, and that he resolved to forgive and bless her before his return.

Glanville had made a long visit at Montgomery Castle, yet found it impossible to tear himself from a spot, which contained all that was dear and valuable to his heart, his passion increased hourly, and every interview with Miriam raised his admiration of her virtues, while with his friends he experienced the pleasures arising, from an amiable and respectable society. The universal philanthropy

of the Major, the distinguished worth of his lady, and the gentle graces of the daughters, with their endearing manners to each other and surrounding friends, convinced him those descriptions of love, friendship and benevolence, which had often pleased his enraptured fancy were something more than pictures, drawn by an enthusiastic imagination, their reality gratified the finer feelings, and he was happy to discover, virtue was more than idea; that amongst a favored few, she held her residence on earth, gladdening the present scene, and by exalting the soul prepare it for a state superior.

Not having seen Miriam for two days, (in hopes of meeting her in a grove, about half a mile from her father's, where she frequently retired,) one evening he left the Castle, and crossing a chinese bridge which led to the Valley, he found himself in a wood that bounded Mr. Primrose's gardens, the shades of night were surrounding him, and the moon bursting from a cloud in all her silent majesty, the

the plaintive philomel was trilling her evening song, from an adjoining thicket, and diffused a *reflecting melancholy* over his mind, which is the "nurse of wisdom," as he advanced through the trees, in a little rustic temple which stood on elevated ground, he perceived a glimmering light: It might be Miriam, the thought quickened his steps, and brought him to the building, the light had disappeared, all was silent save the murmuring voice of nature, which stole in whispers through the gloomy wood, seating himself at the foot of a lofty tree, enjoying the mild languor of the surrounding scene in all the luxury of thought and pride of sentiment, a shriek roused his attention, he started, again silence pervaded all, it might be the screech owl, but a hollow groan succeeded, and voices from behind the temple made him hasten to the spot; he beheld a figure extended on the earth, with a man's foot stamping on it, a blow was aimed at the fainting victim, which Glanville received on his shoulder, another assassin raising his arm had laid him with the dead, but draw-

ing a small sword from a stick he usually carried, he parried the blow and plunged the weapon into the villain's breast; he fell,—his accomplice instantly quitted the object of his vengeance, raised him in his arms, and bore him from the scene of murder. Glanville knelt by the unfortunate unknown; but heavy, as if the hand of death had been upon him, with pain he raised him, his own weakened arm unable to support the weight, it sunk again to the earth motionless, he felt the blood streaming from the temples of the victim; had bound up the wound with his handkerchief, and was wiping the blood from his own hands, when the moon retiring behind a cloud, left them in total darkness. God of heaven! exclaimed Glanville, how can I procure aid? to leave the stranger, if yet a spark of life remains, might again expose him to the fury of his assassins; a faint respiration indicating returning sense, he raised him a little forward, he essayed to utter, but the words sunk in undistinguished sounds, his pulse beat languid, his heart palpitated feebly, and at length, in a
voice

voice scarce audible, he said, oh! whither am I, whither is Josiah? Josiah! repeated Glanville in agony, oh God of mercy, my friend, the brother of my Miriam, I will die to save thee; the moon now shone with redoubled brightness, and reflecting a paler shade over the nearly lifeless features of Josiah, almost reduced his preserver to insensibility; the pain of his arm from continued motion, had become excessive, but forgetting it in his care of Josiah, with one violent exertion he raised him, receiving the full pressure of his weight upon his breast, with one arm he supported his enfeebled form; and with lingering steps sought the winding path that led to the mansion of Mr. Primrose; tedious was the journey, but the sweet hope of having rescued the brother of the worshipped Miriam, supported the generous Glanville beneath his burthen, "thee hast saved me, cried the grateful Josiah, as they leaned against a tree for a little rest, "thee hast saved me, Miriam will thank thee," lights in the windows at length cheered their long expecting sight, they reached

the gates, when a few more steps and they must have drop'd, they entered the court, nature was almost worn out when Glanville, struggling with pain, faintness and the increased weight of Josiah, gained the door; it was opened, when he was totally exhausted, clasped in each others arms they fell in the hall. The family had waited supper for Josiah, his absence had occasioned painful anxiety, and the opening door bringing Miriam to the hall, where she beheld the two beings dearest to her heart, pale, covered with blood, and, as she supposed, lifeless, staggering and gasping for breath, she shrieked, " my murdered Glanville ! my lost Josiah ! and fainted at a little distance from the wounded pair ; her scream had alarmed her parents, they flew to the scene of horror, the father leaned against the wall and remained speechless and immovable, the mother with composed resignation, ordered the attendants to bear her son, and his friend to the parlour sofa. A surgeon was sent for, restoratives applied, and they soon recovered sense and speech. Josiah's wounds were

were pronounced neither dangerous nor mortal, Glanville's shoulder was dislocated, and symptoms of a fever appearing in both, quietness and care were earnestly recommended; every attention was paid to Glanville that his situation demanded, the state of the gentle Miriam bordered on distraction, but when assured there was no immediate danger, she divided her softest care between them; with agony inexpressible she listened to the beloved voice of Glanville, during his delirium, calling on her to soften his pain; to sooth the hour of dissolution and shed a tear to his memory; she then would fly wildly from his presence, rest her beating head on the walls, and cry "oh God! accept a wretch like me, and spare my Glanville.

In her brother's room she heard the accents of pious resignation falling from his lips; and when he viewed her pale languid face, her weeping eyes, and heard her despairing complaints, would press her cold hand to his bosom, and cry, "would I might reward my

preserver with my beloved Miriam!" During these distresses at the Valley, the Major's family offered every consolation; Madeline and Ellen mourned their Josiah and generous Glanville, and wept on the sympathizing bosom of their mother, until both were declared out of danger.

Josiah could give little information of the accident; "I had retired, said he, with a book to the rustic temple, and was reading by a light which I carried, when the noise of voices induced me to descend; being asked "who is there?" I replied, who dost thee want? another exclaimed, "'tis he, delay not;" I was then seized, and receiving a blow upon my head, insensibility ensued; on recovering, I found myself in the arms of my generous brave defender." Madeline turned extremely sick, and Ellen attended her to the air, while Miriam, forgetting the presence of her father, exclaimed, "and has my Glanville saved a brother's life! she started at the discovery of her affection, and while every eye
gazed

gazed on her with wonder, blushing she left the room; Glanville related the remainder of Jofiah's story, and from the thanks of the father, and kneeling blessings of the mother, received all, but what the hand of Miriam could alone bestow. "Oh! cried the trembling Madeline, when beyond the hearing of all but Ellen, "that base Cleveland would have murdered the unoffending Jofiah;" be calm my sister, replied Ellen, that he was the assassin admits not a doubt, and heaven in its own wise time will bring him to condign punishment.

Glanville had perfectly recovered, but an excessive weakness and spitting of blood, occasioned by the violent blow on his stomach, still afflicted Jofiah, and for which the physicians ordered a sea voyage, and change of climate. To those measures he was totally averse, but the despair of his mother, and the commands of his father, who wished him removed from the fascinating Madeline, at length prevailed, and his father receiving letters from Philadelphia,

phia, where he had immense property, that required the presence of a confidential friend, he consented to embark in a few weeks. Miriam often folded him in her arms, crying "we shall never meet, Miriam is doomed to suffer, thy weak sister, unaided by thy counsels, can never support the unequal conflict between duty and affection. Ah, Josiah, why did Miriam love! why did the noble Glanville save her brother! in vain would he, in the language of angels, tell her of her faith, obedience to parents, the blessings that attend it, the pleasures of friendship, and describe the illusions of passion; while he spoke, his features, true to the feelings of his heart, denied the weak restraint; and conscious, how poor argument is when opposed to the wishes of an attached heart, with one thought of Madeline, of parting with her perhaps for ever, would put his whole reasoning to flight, his fortitude would fail, and returning her embrace they would mutually lament the similarity of that destiny which made them both wretched; anxious for the peace of a
beloved

beloved sister, he took an opportunity, when his parents hearts were softened with the idea of his departure, to hint, that all their wealth could not procure felicity to their children, and when their gratitude to Glanville was raised to the highest pitch, entreated they would make Miriam happy, and reward his preserver with her hand; from his mother he feared no refusal, but the disappointment Madeline had given to the hopes of his father, increased the natural reserve and bigotry of his disposition, and rendered the sons and daughters of dissipation, as he termed all beyond his own pale, yet more offensive; "consider, oh my father! cried Josiah, that the grave may receive thy son; that thy daughter, the daughter whom thy soul loveth, is drooping, like a fair flower nipped by untimely frost; listen then to thy Josiah; think he speaks from his lowly grave, and prays thee to preserve thy Miriam, to sooth thy closing scence of life; give her to Glanville, his principles are great and good; with him the faith of Miriam will be secure, in retirement thee will still

behold her persevering in that modest simplicity of life, thee deemest the most unerring; "behold thy son a victim to thy will, spare then thy daughter, and descend not childless to the dust." "Oh! Josiah Primrose, interrupted the agonized mother, falling at her husband's feet, "I pray thee, by that God we serve, to bereave me not of my children! thee shalt not leave me, oh my son! a little longer, yea, a little longer, and the struggle will be over, thy mother's conflicts will cease, and thee wilt close her weary eyes, thee wilt lay her in the grave to rest; then Miriam thee mayest follow. Ah my husband, 'tis not religion moveth thee, no, her voice is mild and sweet; it is not heaven, for it delighteth in mercy, feeleth the infirmities of human nature, and feeling, pitieth them, 'tis *thee*, obdurate, that robs me of my children; but oh, Josiah! when thy wife lies cold within the earth, and thy son far from thine arms, in bitterness of heart thee will hate, yea, hate thine own existence, and in deep remorse close thine eyes in death." Unmoved as is the mountain's base, remained the stern Quaker;

ker; turning to his son, he cried "young man avoid my sight, I may lose thee, but will not lose my God, thee canst never shake my firmness, thee mayest fall—but—my faith shall stand secure; how darest thee shock my nature, with the hint of a son of vanity wedding with the damsel thy sister? he is good, added he, recollecting, but let me hear no more, for as the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, the hour that maketh thee a husband, or that maiden a wife to one beyond our pale, the bitterest, but I curse not; no, that I leave to thy mother, a mother half apostate; but the God of light will punish through the weary days of life, and in the moment of approaching death, thunder in the guilty ears a dying father's groans: perish! perish! added he, his composure being lost in the fury of mistaken zeal, perish that apostate to faith, that tries again to move the settled purpose of my soul, to shake my firmness, offer opposition to my will, or dares to disobey me." The unhappy mother retired, appalled at the unrelenting violence of her husband; the mild, the patient Josiah lost the remembrance of his

own

own destroyed peace, and disappointed hopes, (for he doubted not the compliance of his virtuous Madeline, had the barrier of different faith been removed) in pity for his sister's misery, for the unusual violence, the inflexible severity of his father, rendered him hopeless of moving him, even had he not prohibited the attempt, by the first imprecation that perhaps ever escaped the lips of one belonging to the meek community; "firmness! cried he, as he quitted his father to seek Miriam, firmness! alas how is the term perverted! I fear, I feel, my father is a bigot! Oh! source of Being! Universal God! all nature's glorious light! vouchsafe one cleering ray! and let thine all pervading spirit illumine the benighted mind of man! who dares to circumscribe thy wondrous goodness, thy unbounded mercy, to a scanty few! Oh! time be swift," added the enrapt youth, "and dawn auspicious morning with the light that ne'er shall fade! when earth shall be dissolved, "the mountains melt away," the chain of being broken, distinction lost, and glad creation in one general voice, without those
forms

forms which dim devotion shall hail, and praise thine excellence to never ending ages!" on entering the adjoining room he discovered his sister pale and breathless, supporting her agitated frame against a pillar of the virando; taking her kindly in his arms, he whispered, "be comforted my Miriam, I am thy brother, and will ne'er forsake thee; she retreated a step to learn if possible from his look, the perfect meaning of his words, again she hung her head, saying, "beloved Josiah, I am beneath the reach of comfort, either way poor Miriam is lost; I heard thy generous pleading, that doth teach me what I have to suffer, oh! I behold a lengthened line of sorrow, sad wishing hours for a forbidden fate, cold unprofitable prayers, alas! enforced devotion to a faith, that dooms my youth to bitterness, and blights my guiltless hopes, will never lead the heart of Miriam to heaven, to forsake it, my father's words still vibrate on my ear, "punishment through out the weary days of life, his groans to thunder in the dying hour;" Glanville! Glanville! fare thee well! and strengthen, mighty God! the efforts of thy feeble

feeble creature, speed thee my Jofiah to thy preserver, tell him, her voice faltered,—tell him my morning prayers, my evening sighs shall be for him, and that his virtues may be matched with one more fortunate, more blessed than poor Miriam! yet in my breast his form shall ever dwell, when comfortless it shall cheer me; in sickness, cherish me, and in death support me, his worth shall be my imitation, and his love my only pride; give him this senseless picture of thy sister; it is the last look he ever can have of Miriam, tell him that I shall try to lead the life on earth, that will unite us in a better world.” Various were the brother’s emotions while she spoke; often the tie of duty had nearly yielded to the peace of a beloved sister, and the wishes of a generous friend, when the remembered Malediction of his father shook his frame, that thought he is something more than form, it falls as surely on the guilty head, as doth the blessing on the filial heart; duty to parents heaven itself applauds, ’tis never forgotten, never unrewarded, it meets the sweetest recompense on earth, and retribution in the world to come.

Turning

Turning to his sister, he replied, my sweet Miriam, hapless as we are, "that kind power who from a seeming evil still educes good," will support us, and when least expected deal out comfort; "he gave us being to be blessed," and when we sacrifice our dearest wishes to obedience we deserve it; come then my sister, let me lead thee to the Castle, there in the bosom of friendship thee wilt find satisfaction; in the smiles of Madeline, peace; compare thy state unto Josiah's, wandering far from every comfort, no breast to repose his cares in, no heart to feel them, nor no friend to sooth them; and sayest thee that my brother, her fair face covered with tears to give me peace? is not thy absence my regret, thy sorrows mine? "thee art all that is good and lovely; come, I will conduct thee to thy friends." No, Josiah, struggling with her wishes, Glanville is with them, and lost to me, I pray thee go, my mother needs the little comfort Miriam can offer, fare thee well!

CHAP. X.

JOSIAH found his friend Glanville walking on the lawn, with an open letter, containing an order to join his regiment in Ireland immediately; I mean to quit the army, said he to Josiah, and could have wished to delay my journey a little longer; my peace, my friend, depends upon your charming sister, whose religious opinions shall never feel restraint from me, satisfied that her heart is the sanctified abode of purity; it little matters in what form she worships heaven, or in what robe she dresses, "her loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament," your father, though

though severe is just, and though he may confine *perfection* to his own community, will not deny a share of merit in a christian who adores the same God, though he offers his duty in a different form; from your mother's liberality of soul, I expect every thing good, your sister is worth itself in its sweetest form, she scorns disguise, I know her gentle wishes are for Glanville; the matter, continued he, shall rest until my return, which will be I trust in a few weeks; friendship also demands my presence, for much I fear our noble friend Montgomery, is involved in the dark ruin that impends over Sir Joseph Cleveland: forbid it gracious God! replied Josiah, how knowst thee this; I do not know it, only fear it, and may return in time to prevent him being a great sufferer, as the Baronet promised to accept my interference in arranging his affairs, I must warn you to be silent, it may only be my fears which arose from my regard for the welfare of the family, and the Major's agitation when Sir Joseph's expected distress is mentioned, but it may solely proceed from his attachment to such an old and regarded friend.

This a little compos'd Josiah, though it was far from quieting his apprehensions, as gently as possible he related what pass'd in the Valley, gave him her picture and entreated he would not seek an interview previous to his departure, he repeated her blessings, tender confessions, and avow'd constancy, implored him not to shake the virtuous resolutions she had formed, but to wait until his return from Ireland, when, unrelenting as his father appeared, my absence may soften his heart; and when he beholds his suffering child it may be moved in thy favor; "*then* continued he, is thy time to apply; yet what ever he may decree, be assured, oh Glanville, to call thee brother I would give something dearer far than life, for life, the loss of Madeline hath rendered bitter; may one victim then suffice my father's zeal, and Miriam yet be thine!" should I return to these beloved shades, and find thee husband to my sister, comfortless and void as must ever be my own bosom, it will share thy peace; thy infants shall be mine, and in thy pleasures I shall
strive

strive to forget my own sorrows. I will be guided by you, my dearest Josiah, replied Glanville, and may heaven direct me to chuse a favoring hour for my application; you will convey a letter to your charming sister. And now my friend let us seek the Major.

The intimation of Glanville's departure, threw a gloom over the Castle, his faultless conduct, and amiable manners, had made him a friend in every bosom, and nothing but a promise to live among them on his return, could have afforded consolation.

After dinner he retired to address his beloved Miriam, assured her of endless regard and admiration, that he had consulted with their mutual friend, her amiable brother, and agreed to defer his proposals to her parents until his return; when he trusted nature would plead, and that he should receive her at the altar from a father's hand, fold her to his faithful bosom, and to the admiring friend unite the tender husband. Giving the letter to
Josiah

Josiah he took an affectionate leave of the amiable inhabitants of Montgomery Castle ; “farewell my respected sir,” cried he, holding the Major’s hand, “in less than three-months I hope to renew an attachment with your charming family, which will sweeten every hour of future life, till then, dear Major, heaven be our guide.” The departure of so instructive a companion and sincere friend, wrote regret in legible characters on every countenance ; the Major wiped a tear from his cheek, that did honor to his heart ; Miriam heard of her lovers having left the country, with that sad composure we should feel, on hearing the death of a friend, whom fate had removed beyond our reach ; “well, cried she, her bosom beating quick, well, I shall meet him in a milder region, where no parent can interrupt our guiltless love, where no forms can impede our mutual bliss, speed then, oh ye lingering hours, and lay me in the dust ! but never let me hear of Glanville’s death. Various were her emotions on perusing the letter of her lover, hope, fear, disappoint-

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ment and expectation alternately assailed her bosom; the hope of again beholding him, the possibility, distant as it was, that he might prevail on her father, put resolution to flight and almost unknown to herself, encouraged the hope, that she might yet be Mrs. Glanville; but the day arrived when she was to lose her comforter, her brother, the companion of infant happiness, her guide in perplexity, that for a time banished even the loved image of Glanville; her mother, her tender mother, appeared also to decline, grief sat heavy at her heart, and she was hastening to the tomb, while she suppressed her feelings in compassion to her children; her husband's gloomy reserve increased, and in the friendship of her invaluable Mrs. Montgomery she found her only consolation, to support her sinking spirits in parting with Josiah, Mrs. Montgomery, attended by Madeline and Ellen, very early left the Castle on the day appointed for his departure, it was a clear morning in September, the drops of the preceding evening shower still trembled on the variegated foliage, a low
wind

wind rustled through the wood, and hastened the fall of descending leaves; Madeline had quitted the Castle overwhelmed with sadness, even "the laughter loving" Ellen was grave, and felt a wish to weep, "Oh my Ellen!" said Madeline as they lingered behind their mother, "I feel a painful presentiment, that our days of thoughtless gaiety and innocent delight are drawing near a close; Fanny is fled, Miriam is wretched, Josiah banished by a cruel father, our dear friend Primrose declines, how then can we be happy as we have been?" How indeed! replied Ellen, sighing, but say, is it fancy, or my fears, for you are a nice observer, do you not think our mother looks unwell? and our father, where is that mirth that used so to enliven us? he is melancholy, sighs, retires in tears and wanders hours alone; good God! interrupted Madeline, gasping, you freeze my blood; oh! thought turn not that way! added she, a little recovering.

They reached their mother, and silence ensued, the golden leaves shook by equinoxial blasts,

thick around them, and brought reflection to the mind of Madeline, emblem of our circumstances, said she, surveying the fading scene, but a few months since ye bloomed in all the pride of verdure, flourished in fragrant sweetness; now, unheeded lie in low neglect, next revolving year, lost and forgotten, blended with the common dust, and trodden under foot, be as ye ne'er had been, such is the fragile state of human bliss, of poor mortality; to-day rich in hope, high in expectation, to-morrow the heart sickens at the contrast time may bring; then be it mine, eternal being, to make that happier choice which time and death defies, that rises brighter o'er the silent tomb, and shines in future worlds." On their arrival at the valley, Mary Summers silently led Mrs. Montgomery to the apartment of Mrs. Primrose; the parlour door half open discovered Josiah sitting in a melancholy posture; Madeline, said Ellen, deny him not the few remaining moments and left her, her heart oppressed with varied uneasiness, she feared unequal to the task of saying formally;

farewell! to the youth, she well knew lived but to adore her; she would have retreated, he raised his head which had leaned on his hand; fear not, Madeline, said he, my hour of hope is past, sad certainty is mine, and poor Josiah can no longer pain thee;" he led her to the sofa, hid his face with his hands, and fell at her feet; rise Josiah, she cried, spare a heart already bursting. "Excellent Madeline! suffer these few short moments to be passed, where I would wish to pass eternity, and accept the last vows of a soul, that until the hour of dissolution can never cease to love, to honor, and esteem thee; even then, remembrance of thy gentle form and wonderful virtues, will sooth the parting pang, and cheer the gloom of death; still shall the conscious spirit hover round thee, and watch thy moments with a guardian angel's care, until it hails thee in thy native heaven. I have loved thee with a love so pure, so holy, charming maid! that while I sought the soft indulgence of my guiltless passion, thy peace was still preferred, still were thy honor, safety,

wishes

wishes and repose my first delight ; since I received thy hard command to be silent, the voice of murmur never hath obtruded on thine ear ; if then, obedience merits approbation, deign to reward it with one smile, and cheer this anguished hour with compliance to one request ; the soft remembrance of thine own mercy may gladden thee, when thy Josiah slumbers with the dead. The heart of Madeline was softened, her sensibility awakened to a degree of torture, the virtues of the youth whom she loved as the dearest brother, and whom she was about to lose, perhaps for ever, all rushed upon her mind so forcibly, that had Josiah at that moment desired the plighted promise of her hand, it had been given, and she had thought her heart approved the gift ; and when she replied, “ dearest Josiah, ask what you wish, nor fear refusal from your Madeline,” waited with an anxious inquietude, a trembling expectation, indefinable to herself, for that very request, when he replied, with hesitation, a little curl of thine hair, she respired freely, and felt as if a weight

had been removed from her breast, kindly taking his hand, my dear friend, she said, I have prepared a little remembrance of Madeline's regard;" she then gave him a locket from her watch, with an elegant device in her own hair, adding, 'tis a poor testimony of what I feel, for rest assured, neither time nor circumstance can erase that esteem with which your worth has inspired me, and I hope, nay I expect, attempting to smile, that the friendship we formed in youth, built upon the surest bases, virtue, wilt not only cheer our future life, but lend even mortality itself a charm." He received her present with a lively transport, saying, as he pressed it to his lips, with this mark of thy confidence and regard, I am far from wretched, the continuance of thy approbation will, while it inspires, reward the humble worth of thy Josiah; deign bright maid to accept this picture, 'tis the brother of thy Miriam, of thy lover who reveres thee; she received it with pleasure and hung it to her watch, without once thinking of the brilliants, which encircled it; his father's voice on the
stairs

stairs made him start; blessed Madeline! he cried, a last embrace! she trembled, rose and received his head on her neck, when Mr. Primrose appeared; son, he cried, without seeming to observe his emotion, thy mother weepeth for thee, tarry not here I pray thee, but speed unto her presence; he retired, when his father turning to the weeping Madeline, exclaimed, in a harsh tone, "thee weepst damsel, let it allay thy pride, thee canst mourn, let it humble, soften thine heart, for thee hast made the voice of sorrow to be heard in my dwelling; thee tearest the son of my love from my bosom; thee reducest the wife of my youth to the grave, thee pervertest the soul of my daughter, and thee overwhelmest my declining years with calamity. I thought thee lowly in spirit, loved thy goodness, approved thy modesty, and would have given thee my son, would have made thee as my child, but the prince of darkness prevails, vanity triumphs, and thee preferest the garments of wantonness to the robes of humility, thee spurnest the unassuming, turnest to folly and will wed with dissipation,

sink

sink in impunity, and bring a poor old man with disappointment to the dust; the heart of Mr. Primrose was agonized, the complaints of his wife, the tears of his daughter, with the sufferings and departure of his son; without reflecting that they originated in his own blind bigotry and inflexibility, he imputed to Madeline; partial with a degree of guilt to his own tenets, he would allow nothing to the firmness of another's principles; to vanity, and a fondness for dress, he attributed her rejection of his son, and when the hour of separation arrived, (his breast, unable to contain its portion of misery, and hardened to every plea of justice or remorse,) he exhausted all the bitterness of reproach upon the unoffending Madeline; her sentiments were always just, her judgement clear and unprejudiced, while the sensibility that melted at the sufferings of the amiable son, animated her courage, and gave her spirit to retort upon the obdurate father. Cease, sir, she replied, your torrent of reproaches, wound not a mind already much afflicted, nor impute to me the
con-

consequences of your own blind bigotry, but in the retrospect read, that which my lips disdain to utter, poor unhappy man! driven by the fury of an erring zeal, a late contrition will sadden every future hour of life; thou father of my dearest friends, she continued, softning, spare yourself the pang, hear the whispers of relenting conscience; oh! be taught! the path of rectitude will lead to heaven, while the poor fanatic, too careful of his forms, mistakes the happy way, wanders from right, nor ever finds again the peaceful tract; Mr. Primrose, then turn thee, and go not childless to the grave. Struck with the fervid appeal, he would have yielded to the voice of reason, removed the veil of error from his eyes, and made at least his Miriam happy; when that dark demon which usurps religion's form, sad superstition, again resumed her influence, and blindly led him to provoke his ruin.

Madeline had quitted him, and with her mother and Ellen was offering the consolation

tion of friendship to Miriam and her mother, when he entered, and saying the chaise waited, Josiah rose from his knees at his mother's feet, and silently saluted all but Madeline, on whom he dared not cast a parting glance, followed his father in agony too big for utterance; without the ceremony of requesting, Mrs. Primrose was forced by her friends to the Castle; Mrs. Montgomery wisely considering any scene more likely to compose her maternal feelings, than that where she parted with her beloved Josiah. On their arrival they were informed the Major was gone to Howard Place, where indeed he went daily, being particularly anxious for the Baronet's return. To divert the attention of the depressed Mrs. Primrose, they paid a visit to the asylum, and in the prattle of Mary's two sisters, for a moment lost the remembrance of her sorrows.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.